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**H** EINE, long ago observed and stated epigrammatically the inflexibility of the English mind when dealing with religion as compared with its treatment of politics, and it is not unlikely that some countryman of Heine may to-day be tempted to substitute music for religion, and to re-employ the epigram. The recent appearances of Moskowski and d'Albert—two musicians exhibiting the high adventurousness along with the inevitable excesses of youth and power—have given temporary emphasis to what seems a permanent attitude towards new methods and ideals in music. The vital constituent and ultimate test of music must be held to be its power of high emotional excitement; and whether such work as Mr d'Albert's wholly fails in this, or, as is elsewhere contended, gives definiteness and elevation to feeling, need not here be argued. Stale though the reference be, it however seems perennially necessary to point to the art-controversies of the past as giving historic warning that the immediate verdict of the sense, sufficient unto itself for the moment, is peculiarly fallible; that Weber scoffed at Beethoven, and was in turn scoffed at by Tieck; and that rejected, accepted, and extolled are three pretty constant phrases of musical progress. Apart from the merits of Mr d'Albert's music, there is the question whether he is on a false tack, shaping his course for the impossible, and doomed to failure. The more discussion there is of the doctrine of æsthetics here involved, the better; and our own pages have not been closed to the adverse view. But it is not encouraging, after all that has been said regarding "programme-music," to find in full blossom the propensity to demand that the composer's purpose shall flash upon the listener's mind with the precision of speech; that unimpeachably thus must it be and not otherwise, or the derisive spirit shall have free play. The contention that a stormy involved passage in music may, with equal fidelity describe a variety of moral or physical crises, has really no argumentative force. Granting to the musician a poetic initiative—and it is somewhat too late in the day to argue that—the point for criticism is not whether the treatment of the motive cannot be appealed against, but whether it has intrinsic value as the expression of a nature that energises in music. When the poetic basis is of the vague character of that adopted by Mr d'Albert, it may take as many different musical forms as there are art-natures to express it, and no one utterance would necessarily be truer than another. The question would resolve itself into, which has the greater subtlety of suggestion and enduring beauty to the cultured intellect and sense? But the value of the motive surely stands attested. Take such a familiar work as the "Tannhäuser" overture: to some it is coarse, brazen work, trying to the nerves; to others it is fairly exciting, and serves to set the body swaying in pleasurable rhythm; to the informed listener who can associate its parts with the old myth, can feel the beauty and mystery of the changing legend that encloses so much of the pathos of the world, the overture becomes a great emotional force relating itself to the

individual life and to profound movements of the human mind. The motive might have been differently expressed, but thus it has been energised by Wagner, and thus our ears are attuned to it. At the same time, what Mr Herbert Spencer on scientific grounds claims as the supreme function of music—the formation of an accepted emotional language—is undoubtedly taking place. Certain expressions have already attained the conventional stage. Thanks chiefly to Beethoven, the sentiment of rural life is recognisable wherever it is treated in music. The feeling caught by Mendelssohn in that cello phrase which opens the Hebrides overture has established the note of northern scenery—the fell, the fjord, and misty hill; and alike in Gade and in Cowen, it may now be read without help of written word. Is it wholly inconceivable that what music has accomplished in the fixing of primitive sentiment, may ultimately be extended to highly evolved phases of feeling, even to such abstractions as that of "Hyperion"? To give this authoritative character to music is part of the mission of Wagner—who, however, affords no sanction to attempts to express attenuated mental concepts;—and the development of the art will best be cared for by seeking to grasp his master-tones. Less weighty utterances will be taken on their merits, conceding always that a musician owes it to himself to render into music nature and life precisely as he sees and feels it, without reference to temporary standards of taste or conventions of criticism.

**T** HE gathering of Sunday-school children at the Crystal Palace, on the 10th inst., started emotions as lively in their way as any that Mr Manns' band will probably arouse. If a Handel chorus formed on a colossal scale has the impressiveness as of deep calling unto deep, there is surely in the singing of a multitude of young voices a quality as of the morning stars when they sang together. Thackeray framed in touching words what many had felt when he described the singing of the Charity Children in St Paul's; and Berlioz has made an enthusiastic record of the same experience. Accustomed to calculate the effect of masses of tone, he discerned in the pure, fresh singing of the children, a moving quality not to be obtained from any multiplication of strings and trombones. The performance at the Crystal Palace had, moreover, a significance on the social as well as on the musical side. Sunday-school management has, it is evident, profited by the growing enlightenment in educational views. Not many years ago such a mustering of children, showing more than a fair capacity for music and no inconsiderable acquaintance with choral work, would have been impossible. So excellent a result could only have been secured by giving that liberal place to music in the school training which a sound view of child-nature and of its surroundings justifies. Music is an available avenue to culture when all others remain closed; and the men and women who devote themselves in humanitarian spirit to the care of the young in Sunday-schools cannot do better than extend the side of their work of which the Crystal Palace gathering showed such good fruit had already come. England is pre-eminently the land of Sunday-school work. May it not be that an undreamt of salvation is being

wrought out by the ministry of music in the schools. They supply probably the only music culture the majority of the children receive. It is hoped the effect of the recent gathering may be to send fresh currents of energy through the system, and to inspire the managers with faith that a beautiful human nature can best be built up by practice in the arts of beauty.

## Staccato.

THE Balfé memorial concert reminds one that Herr Strauss once spoke of him as "the king of melody." It is required to find the melodic ideal of Herr Strauss.

A CRITIC observes that Balfé "lives in the public possession of his melodies." This is satisfactory, for he never lived on it.

HANS BULOW is said to be going to America for the next season. There are many American musicians who wish he would go somewhere else.

SIR GEORGE GROVE has done enough programme-writing to be able to say something better of the minuet in Mozart's E flat symphony—recently performed under Richter—than that it is "jovial without being vulgar." Mozart vulgar!

It was fortunate, alike for visitors and exhibitors, that the fire at the Inventions Exhibition was confined to the jury offices and two of the panels or bays of the main entrance. This is not the first time that a piano of Chopin's has been in similar danger, and the flames would soon have played havoc with the dry material of the musical department.

THE rendering of Borlioz's "Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale" for the first time in London, at Herr Richter's seventh concert, was a distinct failure so far as the chorus was concerned. Very little judgment was shown in setting a chorus of very ordinary strength to co-operate with an augmented orchestra in such a piece. Occasionally a "still small voice" was heard for a few bars at a time in the stormy anthem, but not a syllable could be made out. The effect in this respect, therefore, was ridiculous. And as if the fiasco were not sufficient, the programme translation of the words was a further affliction.

THE question of a catalogue of the Historic Loan Exhibition has not yet been formally considered by the Executive Council. When the Exhibition is closed or burnt the Council will have leisure to take action in the matter.

HERR STRAUSS has given a concert in the Albert Hall to give the British musical world a taste of "some of the finer portions of his repertory less





suiting to open air performance." Was it a ponderous German joke, or did the programme really contain some of these finer portions? It is to be hoped that it was a joke, though a poor one.

M. REYER has said a good thing. It was complained that his instrumentation was noisy, and the composer of "Sigurd" is reported to have answered:—"I am not the man to make Shakespeare's and Goethe's heroines sing waltzes and mazurkas. I am ready, however, to defer to your judgment; and as you consider the wind instruments unduly preponderant I shall—leave out the flute."

HERR RICHTER is suffering just now from a succession of events which have not been popular with the critics. His doctorship and his production of d'Albert's Overture have been followed by the performance of Herr Fuchs' Symphony in C.

HERR FUCHS' fault appears to have been the reverse of that of the youthful Herr. The Symphony is as orthodox as the Overture was unorthodox. If it were only possible to graft a little of Fuchs on d'Albert, or a little of d'Albert on Fuchs, we might add a decent musician to the list.

COMPLAINTS are being made of the nuisance arising out of the incessant chatter of the audiences at the French Opera. It is hard to say to the man who is able to follow the original, "Thou shalt not expound things to thy friend and neighbour;" but the practice is not the less to be condemned. Those who "have not" French, should prime themselves with the plot and details beforehand.

THE Opéra is about to be lit with the electric light, no fewer than 2000 lamps being employed. The determination has been arrived at principally from the desire to save the splendid paintings of M. Baudry, which are already covered with a few layers of soot. How many theatres in this country have decorations which are worth saving? The façade of the building was illuminated for the first time at the performance of the "Sigurd."

THE press doth protest too much regarding the employment of foreigners to entertain the public at the "Inventions" and other places of resort. If ungracious complaint could have driven the foreigner beyond sea, England would long ago have been left to the English. Instead of beating retreat, however, the cry is still they come, and much English gold will be ere long melted at the cafés of Vienna.

A CENTIPEDAL race like the English should be the last to complain of foreign intrusion. Meeting other races everywhere in the struggle for existence, we can least afford to foster racial antagonisms, and that is putting the matter on its lowest ground. When music is the cause which brings the stranger to our land, there is an indebtedness of culture to be acknowledged which should restrain the captious tongue. The land that produced the great line of musicians from Bach to Beethoven and Wagner has a right of entry for her musical sons everywhere.

IT may be presumed that the Executive of the Inventions in engaging certain bodies of foreign artistes were moved solely by business considerations. Pleasure-seekers must have some of the titillation of sense supplied by novelty, and the persons who complain of the arrangements would in other circumstances be the first to make charges of lack of enterprise. Oddly, the grievance arises only in connection with music, although there is no suggestion as yet that the function of the King of Siam's musicians might have been allotted to native artistes.

ITALIAN opera is, it seems, to have a hearing after all, a brief season having been arranged, with Madame Patti as the one bright particular star. La Diva is said to have been studying "Carmen" in her Welsh retreat. This part has been so well represented on the English stage, that only the attraction of Patti would bring an audience to it in Italian. "Traviata," "Lucia," and "Dinorah," are to be in the repertory. The very mention of these operas seems to take us back into a not too profitable past.

A PARAGRAPH has come from America, which imputes to Mr Carl Rosa a desire to take his company there, and to challenge Henry Irving's as yet unrivalled success. Mr Rosa has, however, denied the soft impeachment. Operatic enterprise has greater risks in America than even here. Admirable German companies have occupied the field for a space and thriven, owing to the large German-speaking population, but there seems an opinion, not unlike our own of a few years back, that opera in English will have to fight its way.

TO most minds environment counts for a great deal in listening to music, and there are at least some fastidious enough to hold that a different environment is necessary to the highest enjoyment of distinct musical forms. Has it yet occurred to any æsthetic millionaire to provide for sensitive natures a suite of rooms for special musical purposes—a "Nocturne Room," and the like? It must certainly be admitted that the modern drawing-room, despite its improvement of late years, is still, for the most part, a disturbing rather than a helpful condition of private musical performances.

WHETHER our ancestors were better or worse off in this respect than we are, may to some extent be determined by inspection of the three historical music rooms at the Inventions Exhibition. These are intended to be typical of the surroundings in which our ancestors of three generations listened to the music of the period. It needs no very active imagination to find them haunted chambers. In these, as in many other things in the Exhibition, there lingers a pleasant old world fragrance, suggestive of the scent of withered rose leaves to poetic minds, but analysable by relentless and practical nostrils into an "ancient and fishlike smell." Even the most matter-of-fact describers of the Exhibition, however, have been stirred by this contact with antiquity into something approaching poetry.

THE Elizabethan room, which stands first in order of date, is by no means the least attractive of the three, with its hangings of Flemish tapestry, its chimney-piece of Italian marble and hearth fire-dogs, its Italian coffer and State-chairs of walnut wood, its guitar, chitarone, and Venetian theorbo-lute. The virginal in the corner, apart from its musical interest, boasts of having been the possession of Elizabeth herself, and possibly discoursed under the hand that boxed the ears of Essex. Perhaps it were to consider too curiously to speculate upon the size of the hand in question. She, at least, was vain of her hands, if history speaks truly, pulling her gloves off and on to display them. Unfortunately the gloves remain as an ironic comment upon the story—middle fingers 4½ inches long, thumb 5 inches, palm 3½ inches broad. What a hand for a virgin and a virginal!

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S musical propensities have, however, long been known to British sight-seers. According to Dubourg, she fiddled, and the fiddle which she is reputed to have given to the Earl of Leicester is probably known to most visitors to the South Kensington Museum. It is of boxwood, and abundantly ornamented with rustic scenery.

THE room representative of the middle of the eighteenth century is of less varied interest, though it contains some admirable specimens of old furniture. The fine spinet by Hitchcock is its chief musical attraction, just as in the succeeding Louis Seize room the interest centres upon the more decorated, if not more decorative, instrument—Lord Powerscourt's harpsichord. The latter—a harpsichord with two keyboards—was originally made by Rucker in 1612, and restored by Taskin in 1774, the inside of the cover having painted on it a landscape by Vandermeulen. This, like Mr Burne Jones' similarly ornamented "grand," naturally attracts much notice; but the larger number of musicians will probably think a piano unadorned, adorned the most.

UPON what authority is the tortoiseshell guitar asserted to have been the property of Rizzio? It would be interesting to know if its pedigree is as much beyond dispute as the authenticity of the blood-stain in Holyrood—where little knots of excursionists may always be found poring pensively over chance shadows, and squatting about in dark corners in the vague faith that they have found it. But the instrument is noteworthy with its *fleurs-de-lys* pegs and ornamentation, even if it did not belong to the unhappiest of those who came to Mary's court—

"With songs and wiles, and sins from over sea;  
With harping hands and dancing feet, and made  
Music and change of praises in her ear."

THE interchange of musical compliments at the reception of Herr Edward Strauss's orchestra at the Inventions Exhibition was not without its element of comedy. The courteous Coldstreams played the composer's "Doctrinen" Waltz, and afterwards, as the orchestra filed in, the Austrian National Anthem. So far, so good; but from what great English composer should a piece be selected in response to the compliment? The laborious researches of Herr Strauss to find a native composer have not been recorded, but they were probably severe. He was finally compelled to fall back upon an overture by his favorite Balfe, and a polka, composed for the occasion by himself, with the title, "Old England for ever." Old England is grateful, though Scotch and Irish patriots present argued for the substitution of the less exclusive title—Old Great Britain and Ireland.

HERR STRAUSS is essentially a composer of waltzes, and Herr Strauss's band is essentially a band for the interpretation of Herr Strauss's waltzes, or at all events of the lighter musical forms. The specialization of function has evidently been attended with a loss of interpretative power and of refinement of tone when the orchestra is called upon to face music of a more classic type. It is true that the conductor's arrangement of Schubert's "Ave Maria" was given in a manner which called for almost unqualified admiration, but in other departures from the dance programme the contrast was clearly marked. The perfection of the dance music, however, received some emphasis in the obvious difficulty in sitting still under it manifested by many of the ladies in the neighbourhood of the kiosk. Herr Strauss and his orchestra might easily have furnished material for a new legend combining certain elements of the stories of the Pied Piper of Hamelin and the Rape of the Sabines.

THE opening of the Albert Palace, Battersea Park, will be a great boon to South Londoners in many ways, and not least as a centre of popular musical culture. At present it is not strikingly pretentious, but it is comfortable and pleasantly situated, and the provision of daily concerts will add to the attraction of the park and river-trip. Moreover its organ, built for Mr Holmes, is said to be the finest in the world, and the popularity of good organ recitals has been abundantly proved



elsewhere. The instrument is undoubtedly a fine one, even if the superlative be misplaced. A palace military band, and choir and orchestra of 500 performers, give the miniature Crystal Palace an exceedingly good start.

ANOTHER appeal for aid which will call forth a wide expression of sympathy is that made recently by Mr Hallé in the columns of the *Times*. Stephen Heller, who has deservedly won a high place amongst the composers of lighter music, and whose name is one of the most familiar at musical At-homes, has become almost blind. He says not a little for the esteem in which he is held that Robert Browning and Sir Frederic Leighton have united with Hallé to form a small committee in his behalf. A subscription list has been opened at Messrs Coutts; and between the charm of Heller's own compositions and the influence of the appellants the musician's needs should be fully met.

THE French society of authors, composers, and editors of music, have during the last month established a system of retiring pensions for those of its members who attain the age of sixty without having secured comfortable provision for themselves. The society includes 1158 members, only 17 of whom voted against the motion to surrender 1 per cent. of their dues for this object, though 330 remained neutral. It is noteworthy that the addresses of 10 fewer than 201 members are unknown, of whom some have been lost to the knowledge of the society for ten years—*les malheureux*! The new pension should surely have a resuscitating influence upon some of these. Victor Hugo was a member and used from time to time generally at wide intervals—to put in an appearance to receive the sums accruing to him. The last time that he did so they amounted to 6000 francs, and at the present time there is a sum of about 4000 francs placed to his account.

THE funeral of Sir Julius Benedict on June 9th was largely attended, despite the adverse weather, all the principal musical bodies being represented. Among the better known mourners were Madame Patey, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir George and Mr Walter Macfarren, Mr Carl Rosa, and Mr William Shakspeare, but there were many other faces familiar to those interested in music and musicians. Kensal Green Cemetery holds the remains of many men who did good service in literature and art, and the grave of Julius Benedict lies in close proximity to those of Balfe, Vincent Wallace, Wilson the Scotch vocalist, Tom Hood, and Sir John Goss. Mr John Thomas, the Queen's harpist, led the way to the side of the grave, bearing the floral lyre, which was the tribute of the authorities of the Musical Academy. Of such contributions there was no lack, the grave being half filled with flowers.

THE statement that Lady Benedict has been left with only scanty maintenance is one which cannot fail to receive attention in musical circles. (Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Irving have, with their wonted generosity in such cases, been among the first to organise a movement in her aid. Sir Julius Benedict did good work in his day and generation, and died still in harness at an age when he should have been in the enjoyment of well-earned rest. It should not be difficult, in these days of ample subscriptions to much less worthy objects, to make comfortable provision for his widow. These things are not of the nature of charities; they are debts of honour.

THE fact that Sir Julius Benedict did not die in affluence is, on the whole, in accordance with strict musical precedent. Balfe lived and died in comfortable circumstances, but not because of any

large revenue ever derived by him from his musical work. Bishop did hack work at a London theatre for a few pounds a week; Vincent Wallace had to struggle perpetually against poverty; George Linley was even worse off; and John Barnett had to give up operatic work to resume the drudgery of teaching. Hullah's government appointment did not come to him until he was sixty.

It is true that we are improving in these respects, but there is still point in a suggestion once made by Sir George Macfarren. He expressed the opinion that the English musicians would have no chance of attracting notice and patronage in their own country unless they formed a colony in some continental city. By having their works published and performed abroad, the requisite guarantee would be obtained that they were worthy of the attention of the British public. The scheme which reminds one in some points of Beranger's humorous *Histoire d'une Idée*, which only meets with a reception in France when English parentage is claimed for it—is one which will be approved both by those who wish to hear the works of British composers and by those who do not.

It is true, 'tis pity, 'tis pity, 'tis true,' that we are compelled in this country to put up with Wagner's music shorn of its scenic and dramatic splendours. The *Parsifal*, from the liberties which it takes with the Trinity, cannot be rendered to a nation which has long since forgotten its miracle plays, and lives in perpetual memory of its Lord Chamberlain, and the *Nibelungen* is an operatic white elephant out of Bayreuth. Herr Richter, however, earned the gratitude of the untravelled by selecting from *Rheingold* for one of his concerts; and Mr Dowdeswell's lecture on the *Parsifal*, with vocal and instrumental illustrations, was both interesting and well attended. Whether the proceeds of meetings of the Wagner Society, devoted to the maintenance of periodic representations of Wagnerian music-drama at Bayreuth, be large or small, these meetings are doing good work in musical education, and are steadily winning converts.

THE possibility of Mr Carl Rosa producing the *Meistersinger* is being talked about. At the first blush the idea looks rather tempting. There is enough of the spectacular in the play to recommend it, as well as an amount of movement that is not unrelated to English stage methods, but the experiment is probably riskier than would be the case with one of Wagner's strictly poetic works. The humour of the sixteenth century burgher life may not be quite apparent to people who have not been fed on Germanic popular lore. In the original, it must be confessed, the libretto does not always hold tedium at bay. The subject will generally be admitted to be disproportioned to the immensity of the musical setting. The simple, narrow life of the burghers, with their petty loves, jealousies, and pedantries seems like a cockle-shell tossed on great seas of harmony.

THAT Mr Carl Rosa has the resources for placing the *Meistersinger* worthily on the stage cannot be doubted. The company he controls has attained a higher average of excellence than has ever been reached in any similar enterprise. Where his plans would inevitably fail would be in the orchestral part. For Wagner's score requires players accustomed to brace themselves to the performance of great music. In London it would not be easy to maintain a regular band of the quality ruled by Herr Richter at the Drury Lane season a few years ago. A provincial orchestra accustomed to rattle off clap-trap pieces between the acts of a melodrama, would be paralysed and paralysing with Wagner's score before it, even when in the language of the bills it had been "augmented."

THE subject of the opera Mr. A. C. Mackenzie has been engaged upon for some time is now definitely announced to be "William of Cabestang," a *Cavalier servente*, who combined the usual amount of troubadour vice with more than the usual strength of song, and if the legend is to be accepted, passed out of life in such a way as to supply a gruesome burden to his life's melody. Resort to such a subject is doubtless explicable on a theory of Mr Hueffer's predilections for Romance literature. Several versions of the unprofitable story exist, one being served up by Boccaccio. Mr Hueffer will have to add another version, though it would be a pity to deprive Mr Mackenzie of the chance of giving musical expression to the last heart experience of William's mistress.

MR MANNS' proposal to render Handel's sonata with two hundred violins has not been allowed to pass without opposition. To many musicians, professional and amateur, it seemed to be a matter of life and death. The *Athenaeum* has distinguished itself by an indignant protest and an earnest appeal to Mr Manns to alter his intention. According to the critic, it involves "a vandalism" which would disgrace this country in the eyes of all musical nations. The assertion is an extravagant one, Mr Manns' idea being an exceedingly happy one in view of the circumstances under which the performance is given. With well-trained performers the effect of a number of violins in unison, as Berlioz pointed out, is to secure superior quality of tone, two inferior violins being better when heard together than singly. Whether successful or not, the experiment has in it many elements of interest.

*Le Roi Pa dit*, by Mm. Gondinet and Léo Delibes, has been revived at the Opéra-Comique, where it was first presented in the spring of 1873. The music is light and pleasant enough, though the central theme, from the English point of view, is slender for a three-act work. The Marquis de Moncontour, when presented to the king, loses his head entirely. "You have a son, I know," says Louis XIV.; "present him to me," and the unhappy marquis replies in the affirmative, although he has only four daughters. The intrigue, therefore, turns upon the fact that he has unwittingly lied to an absolute monarch, who has said, "I know," and must not by any means be proved in error.

THE marquis is saved by a dancing master, who suggests that a son should be invented for the occasion. A peasant, Benoit, is selected, and becomes after six lessons as arrogant as a prince, impertinent, unendurable. He has a duel, but directly the swords are crossed his cowardice gets the upper hand and he falls, pretending to be dead. The king has wind of the duel, and says, "your son is dead." An absolute monarch is not to be contradicted; the jubilant marquis exclaims, "yes, sire," in anything but paternal tones, and Benoit becomes Benoit once more and for ever. The revival promises to be exceedingly popular.

THE Society of Musical Composers at Paris have decided to affix a memorial tablet on the house in the Rue Saint-George's, in which Auber passed the greater part of his life, and in which he died. This is in harmony with a wider movement which has of late been active in the city, with the aim of giving prominence to its historic buildings. The residences of Mirabeau, Saint-Pierre, Diderot, Foy, Manuel, Sainte-Beuve, Delacroix, and others, have all received mural tablets, and the movement may be commended for imitation in this country. Our streets are not so wholly devoid of musical associations that there is no room for such an introduction of matters of aesthetic interest into the scenes of common-place life, although we are unhappily less rich in this respect than many other countries.



## Familiar Letters.

### V.—TO AN AMATEUR COMPOSER.

It is related of the topographical poet, Drayton, that the first request preferred by him to his college tutor was the naive expression of the desire that he would make him a poet. In your courteous acknowledgment of my last letter, you make what is tantamount to the request that I should make you a song-wright, and I must confess that for a brief space a trembling seized me. The suggestion that in giving hints for your guidance I might be aiding in the manufacture of a complete musical parallel to the poet of the Polyolbion, with his thirty thousand twelve-syllabled lines, was one involving responsibilities to be by no means lightly dismissed. In immature works it is extremely difficult to discriminate between those which promise development and those which merely represent the impassable limits of the writer's powers of musical expression. The recurrence of many musical commonplaces is inevitable, the occurrence of some fresh and happy phrasing far from unlikely; but whether the commonplace or the freshness is the accident of youth is not always obvious. There are so many more chances that the former will become the chronic condition of afterwork, that for the most part there is only one safe piece of advice to those about to compose: Don't. At the same time it must be admitted that the popular taste is still avid of commonplace, and that, judging by many recent successes, little is required of a man but persistence and impudence to ensure him a certain audience. The sphere of song is a wide one, and somewhere between the lyrics of the Christy minstrel or the music hall and those of Schumann or Liszt there is doubtless room for your productions, whether they prove in the main either better or worse than the specimens you sent me. At present I can scarcely pretend to prophesy concerning the place which you may take in the lyric scale. In respect of musical quality, the songs are susceptible of a division almost co-extensive with the two classes which I have already indicated with regard to your choice of words. The four first are essentially songs of the *ad captandum vulgus* order; the two others show at least some conception of higher aim, erring rather upon the side of undue self-consciousness and complexity. It is apt to be the paradox of a young musician's work that he should pass from triteness to an extreme elaborateness. Many such progressions would land you in a species of music akin to that of the Hindoos, with its six master movements, each of which has five wives, which in turn have each of them eight offspring—in all two hundred and forty legitimate sections. Between the trite strumming accompaniments and catchy airs of the first group—in which I note amongst other things a curious conjunction of a phrase from one of Schubert's songs with a slightly modified extract from one of Sankey's hymn tunes—and the straining after effect in the second group, there is little to choose except in so far as the latter shows more conscientious labour and some sense of the infinite resources of song. One would almost as soon live in a mud hut as in a pagoda, either form of barbarism yielding a preponderance of discomfort. You need only picture to yourself the miseries of innumerable contracted chambers, the ascent to indefinite tenuities, the inability to look out of even the narrowest slit without finding yourself face to face with a pinnacle, the oppressiveness of an environment of slants and swirls, and little bits of gilding, and little splotches of colour, to realise what I mean when I compare your later compositions with the Chinese joss-house. But, at least, you were feeling your way in the right direction when you suddenly inverted your method and sought to make the voice the exponent of the musical resources of the instrument rather than to

extract from the instrument a mere banjo background to a popular air. It has been said of Schumann that "the voice did not represent to him that 'I am' to which the pianoforte, as world, was but the accompaniment; for him the voice was the material and rather rude exponent of a limitless personality vested in the key-board." The form of the statement bears the unmistakable stamp of its German origin: it is top summary, and savours too much of the cabalistic school, to receive acceptance as it stands. But there is veiled in it the same conception of the ends of song which, judging by your two later compositions, you have vaguely adopted for your own guidance, and which proves you to be not far from the lyric kingdom of heaven as the moderns conceive it. The whole course of song-development has been from a close formal unity—in which the repeated vocal melody dominated an accompaniment which served merely to keep the voice in its original key and to give it a sonorous backing—to a subtler unity, not less real because secured by less obvious periodicity in the melody and accompaniment, which claimed an equal share in the elucidation of the song purport. If you have not already done so, you will find it in every way of value to you to make some consecutive studies in song development—say from the time of the opposition to the Italian melodists by Gluck, whose theory for the resolution of both words and music in a profounder unity, in which the poem should seem not less made for the music than the music for the poem, furnished the central principle of all worthy subsequent work. You will note how the strophists gradually lost absolute dominion; how under Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Reichardt the song form broadened out; how the old harmonic basis of tonic and dominant was found insufficient for tone-structures embodying more complex conceptions and emotions; how the resources of improved instruments came to be taxed, not as supplementary, but as complementary to the words, with increased elaboration of details into musical equivalents, and increased recognition of dramatic quality as a lyric merit. I venture to prophesy that by the time you have attained even this length in your researches, you will regard certain parts of your songs as little short of criminal, not only as being plagiarisms which everybody else has plagiarized, but as never having been worth plagiarizing at all. At all events, the hey-diddle-diddle style of accompaniment will be for ever obnoxious to you.

You will, however, give more time to the later song-wrights, from Schubert to Liszt, upon whom I am tempted to linger longer than my space or your patience will permit. Of the better known names Mendelssohn is, perhaps, of least importance to you at present, not because there is nothing worthy of study in his songs, but because he is less careful to give the complete musical value of the poem—to identify his mood as musician with the mood of the poet. Mendelssohn is Mendelssohn always, and gives his casual impressions of a poem with invariable ease and grace, but he seldom fully satisfies the demands of the higher emotions, if these chance to be called into play by the verses selected for composition. The best that is to be found in Mendelssohn may occupy you when you have learned from other composers—if, indeed, this can be learned at all—so to saturate yourself with a poem that all fear of your being led off by mere prettiness on the one side, or by over ingenuity on the other, shall be out of the question. The poem is at present your main concern; for no one asked you to set it, and you remember Weber's dictum—any vocal music that alters or effaces the poet's meaning and intention is a failure. You can only arrive at equality with the poet by being first his slave, and that not in the matter of the emotional and thought key only. You have to note carefully the metrical accents of the verse which cannot be departed from without impairing the value of your song. You have to discriminate emphatic words in the poem with a view to accentuation, remembering that to give this necessary prominence there is

a wider range of resources open to you than the ordinary marks of emphasis. You can thump a word into a leading place if you only thump with sufficient vigour, but there are a hundred ways of doing the same thing equally effectively. Note-duration is the next obvious means, but if you study the higher song-wrights closely you will derive no small pleasure from the observance of the exquisite modes of securing relief which are to be met with in them.

Studies of this kind will soon enable you to decide as to how far you are wise in retaining the strophic form, and in repeating your initial melody in succeeding verses. In this respect no rule can be laid down; the nature of the song and the bent of your own genius must decide these things for you. Hitherto your songs have been essentially of the old type, in respect of melody, and while you are safer to err in respect of undue formality than to fall into utter formlessness, you must inevitably sooner or later find that the old bonds are too strait for you. The method of repeating phrases and stanzas in a set style to secure the semblance of unity is economic, but not otherwise admirable. It found, as I have already indicated, its extreme form, if not its *reductio ad absurdum*, in the application of a melody to an indefinite number of songs in somewhat the same way that articles of wearing apparel sometimes descend from generation to generation, or that one soul is said to animate a series of distinct bodies. The obvious inference from this is that the state of musical culture which permits it is a low one, and that in such songs the music is only a species of ladle to serve out the verses in which the hearer is primarily interested. If this is the case, as it is for the most part in humorous and narrative songs, almost anything will serve, and so far Löwe's ballad method of a short revolving melody is justifiable. Every song is not a ballad, however; and even the ballad derives a new power and impressiveness from its freer romance handling, as—to cite two widely different cases—in Schumann's "Der arme Peter," and Liszt's "Loreley." I do not for a moment deny that it is possible to obtain exquisite work with the limits to which you confine yourself; such work as the touching little romance in Schubert's "Rosamunde"—"Der Vollmond strahlt," where you have a comparatively simple recurrent melody and accompaniment, being far from unsatisfying. In accompaniment, also, there are possibilities, of great variation in dramatic colour, with the retention of even the most threadbare vocal melody. But as song essentials these things have gone the way of the three dramatic unities, as a sort of external skeleton only necessary to hold together inferior organisms, which rank but a few removes from the primitive tonic protoplasm, though they remain for adoption where the nature of the song or of the audience may seem to require them. Their use is common enough in Schubert, less common in Schumann, who differs from the former in that while Schubert follows the immediate and wider suggestions of the song, Schumann more subtly relates its details in their connection with the central idea. Your most instructive researches will therefore be about equally shared between these two composers; for the present you will do well to avoid Liszt, until you have learned the moderation which Victor Hugo endeavoured to inculcate in his maxim, "It is forbidden to haunt the tavern of the sublime."

You ask me if, with regard to my citation from Goethe, if it is not possible to idealise simplicity till it becomes a vice? To which I must reply in the negative, though I must also admit the danger of committing the vulgar though Wordsworthian error of confounding simplicity with commonplace. In the best artistic sense, simplicity is only the proportioning of means to ends, irrespective of the complexity of the ends themselves. In the light of this definition, I can only commend it to you once more. You can scarcely err if you re-apply Walt Whitman's statement with reference to his own



work: "The art of art, the glory of expression, and the sunshine of the light of letters, is simplicity. The greatest poet swears to his art, 'I will not be meddlesome; I will not have in my writing any elegance, or effect, or originality, to hang in the way between me and the rest like curtains. I will have nothing to hang in the way, not the richest curtain.'"

## Mr. E. d'Albert's "Feeling-Picture."

SOME deep questions in musical philosophy are reopened by Mr. E. d'Albert's Overture to Hölderlin's "Hyperion," performed for the first time in England at the Richter concert of June 8th. According to the programme-writer, "Hyperion" "has been characterised by Mr. E. d'Albert as a highly-coloured 'Stimmungsbild' (i.e., a picture of feeling), in which the writer in a truly impressive manner has described the terrible anguish of one who strives to find his ideal, and at the same time battles with the realities of mortal life." In more prosaic language, "Hyperion, oder der Eremit von Griechenland" ("Hyperion, or the Hermit of Greece") is described as a romance published in 1797-99, and "written in the form of letters, addressed by Hyperion to his bosom-friend Bellarmin, and to the lady of his love, Diotima, with a few from Diotima to Hyperion." From which it may be gathered that "Hyperion" bears a strong family-likeness to "Werther." On this inspiring subject Mr. d'Albert has constructed a work which is called an "overture" with about as good reason as Wordsworth's longest poem is called a "Prelude." To the exhausted listener it seemed considerably longer than most symphonies.

This imposing work, then, is a "Stimmungsbild" of a "Stimmungsbild." The programme is explicit. Mr. d'Albert "warns us that his composition is not to be regarded as 'programme-music,' but simply as a 'Stimmungsbild,' in which it has been his aim to reproduce, not the details, but only the leading traits of the romance." Our gratitude is clearly due to Mr. d'Albert for not aiming at reproducing the details of Hyperion's letters. But what are the leading traits? The programme informs us that the composer's autograph score bears as its motto a passage from "Hyperion," of which the translation runs thus:—

"There is a forgetting of all existence, a suspension of our being, when it seems as if we had found all."

"There is a suspension, a forgetting of all existence, when it seems as if we had lost all—when night overshadows our soul, and neither the gleam of a single star nor even the phosphorescence of a piece of rotten wood sheds a ray of light upon us."

This passage, Mr. d'Albert informs us, "might to some extent be accepted as an index of the general contents of Hölderlin's work." That being so, the avoidance of detail becomes specially meritorious; but there remains the somewhat serious question whether tolerable music is to be got through "stimmungsbilder" of this description.

The "overture" was applauded as new works generally are, Mr. d'Albert's established reputation for precocity doubtless helping; but there were some listeners who thought they had never listened to such a piece of elaborate vacuity. The "stimmungsbild" certainly accomplished the suggestion of the condition of mind "when it seems as if we had lost all;" but the other idea was on the whole unrepresented. And it seems worth while to ask squarely whether any good is to be expected from such an undertaking as Mr. d'Albert's, whether made by persons of experience in matters of the feelings or not. How shall a "suspension of our being"—metaphorical or otherwise—be expressed so as to be distinguishable from a hundred other German imaginations; and what conceivable set

of sounds could represent a "forgetting of all existence," when it seems as if we had found all? It is hard enough for men to agree as to the emotional significance of the simplest musical phrases, without professing to trace an abstraction through an orchestral score. On the whole, musicians had better leave "pictures" to the other arts.

Where music attempts, not to kindle and communicate emotion, but to give an elaborate orchestral expression of a number of metaphysical states of mind, it has made an incursion into the department of literature from which it can gain neither credit nor strength. Mr. d'Albert's "overture" might have signified "lost in the forest," "failure to pass the *pens animum*," "insanity," "sea-sickness," "nightmare," or "Sordello," just as much as it did the remarkable intellectual attitude signified in his motto. A conventional symbolism is all that one art can venture on in giving an account of another. If we call literature an art, of course, we must somewhat modify the foregoing dictum; and it may be urged that pictures like that representing Beethoven playing to his friends bridge the gulf between two arts. But in that picture the artist has gained his success by wisely working strictly on his own ground and representing the effect produced on faces and bodies by music—a matter of ocular observation. Let the painter try to express music in the abstract and at best he produces something like "Beethoven's Dream," in which the height of the composer's music is suggested by the Titan figures and the supernatural orchestra limned around the sleeper. But the average painter is more likely to find his account, in such a case, in something safe and quasi-classic and commonplace, like Sir Frederick Leighton's frieze, "Music," in this season's Academy. The painter who gave us simply the aspect of Beethoven and his listeners produced a much greater picture. Moral of all this: let musical composers compose for the sake of musical effect, and without self-consciousness, rather than attempt tone-feeling-pictures of somebody's prose-feeling-pictures. J. R.

## Musical life in London.

THE Carl Rosa Opera season at Drury Lane, memorable for the first production in London of the new operas "Nadeshda" and "Manon," is now at an end, the last performance having been on May 30. "Le Nozze di Figaro" was the opera given that evening, and with such a trio as Mme. Marie Roze the Countess, Mme. Georgina Burns Susanna, Mme. Julia Gaylord Cherubino (the part being taken by a soprano, as Mozart intended, instead of a contralto as is usually the case), the music, so overflowing as it is with lovely melody, received full justice. Mr. Barrington Foote was an excellent Figaro, vocally and histrionically, and Mr. Ludwig did his best in the part of the inconstant Count. It is a pity that Mozart and Beethoven have received so little attention this season, the former being represented by only one performance of "Le Nozze," and the latter by one afternoon performance of "Fidelio;" while the lighter school of French opera, represented by "Carmen," "Mignon," "Faust," and "Manon," has almost monopolised the stage. But Mr. Carl Rosa knows his public, and when his next operatic season in London comes round, will, we may surely hope, by again varying his programme, indulge the tastes of that large and increasing section of the musical public which is not satisfied save with music of the best kind.

OF Moskowski, whose symphony "Jeanne D'Arc" was produced at the last Philharmonic Concert on May 20th, little was previously known in this country except that he had written some clever pianoforte duets in imitation of the music of various

European countries, and that occasionally some pianist, from abroad, played brilliant pieces from his pen, of the type that some call "fugitive." This symphony, or symphonic poem, however, is a work of a very different kind, and by the earnestness, imagination, and power displayed in it assures for Moskowski a high place among living writers for the orchestra. There is a certain crudeness and diffuseness discernible in it; and the composer seems at times to be hampered by the story that he has chosen to illustrate, singularly suitable as that story, *Jeanne* many a composer before him, has been found for musical illustration, with its pastoral, battle, coronation, and prison scenes. But as a whole, there is great promise in the work, and in the matter of instrumentation the writer shows himself to be already a master. He was called and recalled at the end of the performance. Of the rest of the concert, it is enough to say that Herr Franz Rummel played Beethoven's E flat concerto, Mr. Santley was the vocalist, and Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted with all the care and consummate judgment that he has brought to his task throughout the season. It has been seldom that the Philharmonic Society could offer an annual record so brilliant and so uniformly successful as the one just completed.

THE Richter concerts are now firmly established among our London institutions. It would not be true to say that Herr Richter is equally great in all he undertakes, but at his best—in the interpretation of Beethoven's and Wagner's music—we are constrained to acknowledge that "there is only one Richter." Few important novelties have been brought forward at these concerts, and those, such as Glinka's "Komarinskaga," and Liszt's Fifth Rhapsody, have not had much of interest or intrinsic value to recommend them. But the Nibelungen excerpts have never been given more magnificently, and the admirable rendering at the concert on June 1st by Mme. Valleria and Mr. Edward Lloyd of the marvellous love duet between Siegmund and Sieglinde in "Die Walküre,"—so long and yet so full of a passion and beauty of its own,—was memorable, if only for the fact that the duet had never been rendered half so well by any of the German artists who have sung it in this country before. The pieces selected from Liszt's "Christus," "The Shepherd at the Manger," and the "March of the Three Holy Kings," are fearfully prolix, and though occasionally exhibiting ingenious orchestration and felicitous phrases, leave an impression on the listeners, of which, it must be confessed, weariness and incipient headache are the main characteristics.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S Choir, after a few years of most unnecessary suspended animation, has now returned to life again. The first concert of the new series was given on the 4th, when Mr. Leslie, on re-appearing at the conductor's desk, was, of course, most warmly greeted by his many friends on the platform and in the audience. The programme was a most interesting one, including Wesley's motet, "In Exitu Israel," and part songs and madrigals by old and new composers in varied styles, but all instinct with the true spirit of English music. Not the least in merit were two new compositions by Mr. Leslie, a madrigal, "Let me play the fool," and a serenade, "Golden slumbers." All were sung with that precision and delicacy of execution which in old time used to distinguish this choir. Mr. Edward Lloyd and Miss Perugini with vocal solos, and Mr. John Dunn with some violin pieces, gave a pleasant variety to the concert.

CHAMBER music is now more cultivated and appreciated than it once was, and this must be reckoned among the best signs of the times. Mr. Charles Hallé's series of concerts in the Prince's Hall, in which he has had the able collaboration of Mme. Norman Neruda, Herr Ries, Herr Franz Neruda, and others, have been especially valued by musicians for their introduction of several works



lying a little out of the beaten track that concert-givers are wont to pursue." Such, for instance, are Fibich's pianoforte Quartet in E minor, a really beautiful and clever work, performed at the concert of May 23; Reinecke's Serenade in A minor, perhaps more distinguished by prettiness than power; Dvůřák's pianoforte Trio in F minor (though that is now rapidly becoming familiar); and Bergwald's pianoforte Trio in F minor, a piece of genuinely artistic workmanship and full of spontaneous thought and cleverness. The concerted music is judiciously interspersed with violin solos by Mme. Norman Neruda, and pianoforte solos by Mr Charles Hallé, and how excellent these are I need hardly say.

## Sir Julius Benedict.

THE sudden death of Sir Julius Benedict, whose name has so long been a household word in this country, has come after all with some shock of surprise to those who know with what courage and vigour he worked on to the last. It is only a month or two since that, in his response to a toast at the supper of the Brasenose Club at Manchester, he defended his tendency to keep late hours on the ground that he wished to make the most of his time in view of the long journey which he must soon make. In all probability the wish defeated itself, though a happier death in its sudden painlessness could hardly have been desired. To the minds of most he must always appear rather as an Englishman than as a stranger amongst us. The theory might almost be hazarded that there was in the family to which he belonged a readier capacity to adapt itself to new conditions than is to be found in most Germans. How completely his cousin, Henrich Heine, placed himself in touch with the French mind, is well known; and Benedict himself, transplanted to England, became to all intents and purposes an Englishman in taste and sympathies. His English title completed the tie which bound him to his new home by his English marriage, and has probably obliterated to no small extent the memory of his Teutonic descent.

If it is difficult to think of him in connection with any other nationality than our own, it is scarcely less difficult to realize that he was one of the oldest of the artists of this century. Despite his recent prostration by illness, there was in him some touch of that eternal youthfulness which was held to be the dower of genius. Yet as a connecting link with the past he was almost coeval with Hugo, and needed no justification of his claim to have seen more great events, not only in the artistic, but in the political world, than almost any of his musical colleagues. He was born at Stuttgart on November 27th, 1804, and at the age of fifteen was sent to Weimar, where he became the pupil of Hummel. Of his life there, he has himself given some account,—of the boyish reverence with which he watched the great Goethe, walking with the Grand Duke in the park, or aiding in those memorable rehearsals at the little Weimar Theatre; of the parting words which he used to hear at the door of the theatre, as the poet and Schiller's nephew wended their way homewards—"Good-night, Goethe," "Good-night, Schiller;" or that private rehearsal at which Weber sang through the whole of his new opera, "Der Freischütz," with poor enough voice, but with infectious earnestness and fire. It must have been about this time that Weber, recognizing the ability of the lad, agreed so far to depart from his rule of refusing pupils as to receive Benedict into his house. From the commencement of 1821 to the end of 1824 their relationship continued, and to the last Benedict turned to Weber with no ordinary affection as to one who had treated him "not as a pupil, but as a son." Few things gave him more pleasure than to constitute himself the exponent of his old teacher and friend. During his stay in Vienna a

new pleasure came to him. With Hummel, he had seen Goethe; with Weber, he was to see and converse with Beethoven. His descriptions are not to be forgotten by those to whom Beethoven is more than a mere name. It is easy to picture the little music shop in the Kohl Market to which the great musician went almost every day, and whither Benedict and his companions resorted to obtain a glimpse of him. Across the street shambles a short but strongly built figure, which has in it at first sight something almost laughter-moving. A glimpse at the face, however, checks all thought of merriment—the flowing hair, the flushed cheeks, the mobile mouth, the shaggy snow-white eyebrows, the piercing and never to be forgotten eyes; a face on which the genius of the man has left its enduring impress. The music-seller introduces you; you open your lips to speak; but the book jerked from under the arm and thrust into your hand reminds you that speech is vain. You write what you have to say, and it is not necessary to write at any length: if the mood is on him he will do the talking for you, if it is not, you may write to all eternity but the oracle will remain dumb. Benedict was happy in finding Beethoven, on one occasion at least, in his happiest mood, and it is easy to understand why Beethoven's personality should have made a stronger impression upon him than that of Goethe. This was at Baden, whither Benedict drove with Weber, and where, in a dingy room, badly papered, littered with dirty papers, dirty music, and dirty other things, and furnished with a dilapidated Broadwood, the three passed some delightful moments. Two men only, so far as we know, have brought down to the present time the memory of Beethoven's kiss—Julius Benedict and Franz Liszt.

Weber's recommendation was amply sufficient to secure the young musician a hearing, and at the age of nineteen he was already conducting German operas at Vienna. A few years later found him discharging similar functions at the San Carlo and the Fondo at Naples, where his first and forgotten opera, "Giacinta ed Ernesto," was produced. As to the success, both of this and of the later opera, "I Portoghesi in Goa" (1830), there appears to be considerable dubiety. It has been said that both failed in Naples because the music was too essentially Germanic to gratify Italian tastes. On the other hand it has been alleged that while the first failed in Italy because of the Teutonic elements, the second succeeded at Naples, but failed in Germany because of its Italian elements. Whichever version be the correct one, Benedict seems to have judged wisely that his chances of success lay elsewhere than either in Germany or in Italy. A visit to Paris was followed by an experimental visit to England at the suggestion of his friend Malibran. This was in 1835, and the result was so far satisfactory that the experimental visit lasted fifty years. In 1836, he was appointed, under Mr Mitchell's management, musical director of the Opera Buffa at the Lyceum, where his operetta, "Un Anno ed un Giorno"—a modification of an opera produced by him under that title at Naples—was well received. The same year witnessed the first of the annual concerts given by him, the anterooms of the King's Theatre Concert Room being crowded on the occasion.

As in Italy Benedict had turned his attention to Italian opera, so with equal promptitude he took up English operatic work. In 1838 came his "Gipsy's Warning" as his first contribution to the series of works by Balfe, Wallace, Macfarren, himself, and others, which constituted the palmy days of native opera. Mr Bunn, the impresario of Drury Lane, engaged him as conductor, and it was under his baton that the "Bohemian Girl" and "Maritana" first found an audience. His own operas—the "Brides of Venice" and "The Crusaders"—have been forgotten in the superior dramatic attractiveness of his "Lily of Killarney," founded upon Dion Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn," and produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1862. Between

these events came the Jenny Lind frenzy, and in 1850 Benedict went as her accompanist and musical director to America. On his return he entered upon an engagement with Mr Mapleson, first at Her Majesty's Theatre, and afterwards at Drury Lane, his most noteworthy piece of work at this period being his preparation, in 1860, of Weber's "Oberon" for the Italian stage. Originally written as an English opera, it was wanting in recitative; and the task of supplying the deficiency could not have been entrusted to better hands than to those of Weber's musical inheritor. The same year witnessed the production of his cantata, "Undine," at the Norwich Festival, and from this time—with the exception of the "Lily," and his operetta, "The Bride of Song,"—his principal compositions were for the concert-room rather than the stage. A cantata, "Richard Cœur de Lion," and an oratorio, "St. Cecilia," were written for the Norwich Festival of 1863 and 1866 respectively; and a second oratorio, "St. Peter," was performed at the Birmingham Festival of 1871. The last was an indisputable success, the inspiration being more sustained than in most of his longer works. It was recognised on all hands that his knighthood, conferred upon him in 1871, was fully deserved, his share in the education of popular musical taste having been by no means a slight one. A symphony produced at the Crystal Palace in 1873, and his "Graziella," composed for the Birmingham Musical Festival of 1882, are perhaps the more important of his later compositions. Reference has already been made in this Magazine, in the article accompanying his portrait and autograph letter, to the general bearing of his work in the history of recent musical developments. It cannot, indeed, be said of any of his compositions that they are epoch-making works, or even that they are abreast of the highest musical thought of the time. But the musical life of a nation cannot sustain itself upon epoch-making works alone; and the labours of such men as Julius Benedict are perhaps of scarcely less value ultimately, though they suffer in any casual comparison. The duration of the influence of a man's works is happily not always commensurate with the duration of the works themselves; and the English musical life of to-day would be far poorer than it is, if the results of Benedict's fifty years of work were deducted. That his life was in the main a happy one can hardly be doubted. Almost all his work—and he essayed nearly all the musical forms—had at least a temporary success, and honours were showered in upon him from all sides. In addition to his English knighthood, he was a Knight Commander of the Order of Frederick (Wurtemberg), and of that of Francis and Joseph (Austria); he had received honours from the sovereigns of Prussia, Hanover, Belgium, Portugal, and Italy; he was a corresponding member of the French Academy; the Prince of Wales was sponsor to his youngest son; and his innumerable friends had, on one occasion at least, given him a substantial recognition of their affection and esteem. There was, perhaps, a touch of pathos in the fact that the veteran was unable to lay aside the baton in his closing years; but the necessary drudgery of conducting third-rate operas was undertaken with the courage and enthusiasm which marked his whole career. One by one the musicians with whom he had set out had taken their departure; the lights were all extinguished but his own, and still the old conductor beat on steadily by himself to the end of the piece.

The one and only form of music is melody; no music is conceivable without melody, and both are absolutely inseparable.—WAGNER.

In an orchestra the stringed instruments represent, as it were, the refined culture of ancient Greece; the reed instruments, the shepherd nations; the trumpets, horns, and bassoons, the warlike tribes; and the ophicleides, drums, and cymbals, the savage hordes of antiquity.—A. W. AMBROS.



## The Handel Bi-Centenary Festival.

It is impossible to reflect on the life and influence of the man whose eyes first opened to the light in the German town of Halle, just two hundred years ago, without feeling the strength of the theory that history is made by great men. Had the wind of chance which blew Handel to England drifted him instead into a quarter where his main musical energy would have been turned into pedantic forms of instrumental compositions, music in our island would not only be less prosperous than it happily is, but a great humanising force of incalculable power would have been absent from English society. For Handel's greatness is more than a musician's greatness. As a factor in musical development he is not the peer of the Leipzig Cantor who entered the world with him, and to whose works scholars have turned as to a gospel of music. Handel's greatness is in part that of one who has, by his art, profoundly affected the social history of the people. He brought to fruition the form of music which pre-eminently demands for its realisation the active co-operation of numbers. Since Handel's day music has become less and less an art to which the multitude had to listen while virtuosos discoursed. It is an art which lives and thrives by personal participation, and added to the pleasure given to existence by actual knowledge of music there is the natural human interest of co-operating for its production. Handel has, in fact, so shaped the forces of music, that they have become at once a great social discipline, and a means of artistic expression; and there is no centre of active life in our country which has not refreshed its energies, satisfied its artistic aspirations, and taken a new warmth of humanity from the production of his works. The lover of Handel's music comes out into the light of day; he joins with his fellows; there is a common aim and submission to a common purpose; individual asperities are softened, and sweetness and light enter into life with the blending of voices in chorus. If there should ever come a time when Handel's music has to give place to newer and yet ampler tones, this civilising virtue which has operated through his music will not be lost. It is part of the enduring heritage of the race.

### The Centenary Commemoration in Westminster in 1784.

One hundred years ago the musical strength of England was marshalled in Westminster Abbey as it is marshalled to-day at the Crystal Palace, to do honour to the memory of Handel. In 1784 Handel's supremacy was as now a matter of accepted tradition, and when the scheme was formed to mark the centenary of his birth by a series of performances on a colossal scale it excited an interest yielding nothing in intensity to that of later times. The idea of constituting a great choir of voices and instruments had, indeed, a freshness which made it an event of national importance, and a subject for extensive literary treatment. Dr Burney devoted a volume to the commemoration. He is at pains to show that no body of such dimensions had before been formed for musical purposes in any country, and in apologising to posterity for his enthusiasm he has obviously no suspicion that the effort of the time would be imitated or surpassed. This wondrous choir numbered 500 musicians, and though it is hardly possible to-day—when our nerves have ceased to thrill at the mention of much larger musical gatherings—to enter into the historian's high strung enthusiasm, the account of the compo-

sition of the choir and the effect upon the audience of the time may be read with interest. In regard to the Abbey as the scene of the commemoration no writing could well be overpitched, and the illustration given in our Music Supplement, and reproduced from Dr Burney's volume, certainly does not discredit his statement that in the venerable building there was nothing which did not seem to be in perfect tune. An organ was specially fitted up and connected with a harpsichord by a system of keys first contrived in this country for Handel himself. At the harpsichord sat Mr Joah Bates, the conductor and moving spirit of the whole. The day of the conductor with the baton, or *manu-ductor* as Burney somewhat slightly terms him, had not yet come in England; and Burney pretty plainly implies that such a functionary is not needed in England, although he may be in fashion in France, and even there is subject to the dangers and contempt incidental to the occupying of a foolish position. The more time is beaten the less it is kept, said Rousseau; and in endorsing this Burney remarks: "It is certain that when the measure is broken, the fury of the musical-general or director increasing with the disobedience and confusion of his troops, he becomes more violent and his strokes and gesticulations more ridiculous, in proportion to their disorder." In fact, the practice of beating time may, according to the historian, be not only distressing to the spectator and demoralising to the *manu-ductor*, but also fraught with danger to life. The celebrated Lulli, he avers, beat himself to death by intemperate passion in marking the measure to an ill-disciplined band; for in regulating with his cane the time of a *Te Deum*, he wounded his foot by striking on that instead of the floor, and from the contusion occasioned by the blow a mortification ensued, which cost him his life at the age of fifty-four! A dreadful example, no doubt, though hardly useful as a warning to the modern conductor. If we are to believe Burney, Mr Bates' method secured perfection of entry after pauses—a piece of contemporary criticism which hardly passes muster.

Aiming at completeness, the centenary commemorators strove to obtain every species of instrument capable of producing grand effects in a spacious building. They raised the hue and cry for players on the sackbut and bassoon, and subsidised a pair of huge kettle drums from the Tower, while the great organ referred to was stopped on its way to Canterbury. In all there were mustered 48 first violins, 47 second, 26 tenors, 26 hautbois, 6 flutes, 21 cellos, 27 bassoons, 15 double basses, 12 trumpets, 6 trombones or sackbuts, 12 horns, and 4 kettle drums—a respectable gathering of instruments, the simultaneous tuning of which, by its unexpected display of power, almost brought tears to the historian's eyes! The most notable difference between the choristers of 1784 and 1885, apart from number, is in the paucity of ladies, the 55 trebles being mainly made up of boys, while there was a full complement of male counter-tenors in place of contraltos. It is worth noting that the general rehearsal of the body—there was one for each day's performance—possessed so many extemporary attractions, that an admission fee of half a guinea was fixed, much to the advantage of the funds.

The first day's performance opened with the "Coronation Anthem," out of respect to His Majesty, and included "The Dettingen Te Deum," and selections from various works. Subsequent performances contained matter now rarely heard, such as hautbois and organ concertos, along with the greater choruses from the oratorios. Mr Santley had in the song "Nasce al Bosco," which he has made his own, a distinguished predecessor in Signor Tasca, and Madame Mara was the soprano of the hour. Then, as now, the "Messiah" put the choir on its mettle, and hearing for the first time the massive choruses of this work delivered by a great choir, the audience had an enviable experience. The King gave with his own hand the signal to repeat the "Hallelujah." An index of

the public interest in the Commemoration is obtained in the fact that the total receipts amounted to £13,000, and that the enthusiasm was sufficiently lasting to sustain similar gatherings in the Abbey during the three following years. A festival on even larger proportions was carried out in the year 1791, but this has not had so faithful a historian.

### The Triennial Festivals at the Crystal Palace.

The idea which developed into the Triennial Festival originated with Mr R. K. Bowley, a musician who devoted the energies of a life to the organisation of the art. No account of these gatherings should pass without grateful mention of his part in them. On September 1, 1856, he proposed to the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society that a great commemoration should take place in 1859—the centenary of Handel's death. The magnitude of his conception demanded for its working out a larger building than any London possessed; and the capacity of the Central Transept of the Crystal Palace was at once suggested as solving the difficulty. The idea had the heartiest response from the directors of the Crystal Palace Company; and a Festival which was meant to be a test of the suitability of the place was arranged for 1857. An orchestra was there and then erected, and the grand organ—the workmanship of Messrs. Gray and Davison—found its noble situation. Drawing upon London and provincial societies, a chorus of 2000 was mustered, and with little difficulty a body of instrumentalists, numbering 396, was formed. On Saturday 13th June 1857, there was a public rehearsal, and on the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of the following week the performances were given with a success which raised all concerned in them to a fever of enthusiasm. The "Messiah," "Judas Maccabeus," and "Israel in Egypt," were the chosen works, the principal singers being Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. Michael Costa as conductor then strikingly showed that power of managing orchestral forces which the public amply acknowledged in his later career. Of the deep impression produced by Handel's great architectural choruses delivered by this massive body of voices and instruments it is needless to speak. For once the musical critics had a sensation which made wreck of their function, and the press of the day shows how the writers had been caught up in an electric current of emotion.

The experiment having succeeded beyond anticipation, the Crystal Palace was adopted as the fitting scene for the Commemoration of 1859, which, under similar direction, took place on the 20th, 22d, and 24th June. By common consent the "Messiah" and "Israel" were chosen for two days—a choice not likely to be upset—and the third day was set apart as "Selection" day. Band and chorus numbered together 3160, and the visitors are recorded as reaching a total of 81,319. The plan of the Triennial Festivals was a natural outcome of this happy result. There have been eight since 1862, and they have steadily grown both in the extent of the musical forces employed and in popular favour. Sir Michael Costa's musical attainments and masterful power had no little share in the continued success of the Festivals, and when illness overtook him prior to the meeting of 1883 there was a readily-understood anxiety as to filling his place. There was no conductor in England of equal authority. No such opportunity for the development of special powers had indeed been offered to another musician; and opportunity makes conductors as well as statesmen. The opportunity came to Mr Manns, and his conduct of the first rehearsal proved that he could use it.

### Mr August Manns.

The musician who wields the baton at a Handel Festival is necessarily one of the best known men



in England. It is safe to say that the splendid reception Mr Manns has on Festivals days but makes audible the wider recognition of the geniality, industry, and musicianly power which have marked his career among us for a period of more than thirty years. The Crystal Palace concerts form an essential part of the history of musical progress in England. Of these concerts Mr Manns has been the vitalising spirit. He is "Mr Manns of the Crystal Palace," having in this noble structure formed for himself a local habitation and a name. Any sketch of Mr Manns' life, however brief, must bring out the high conscientiousness and worthy ambition that have given him his present distinction. He is by birth a North German, having been born at Stolzenburg, near Stettin, in March 1825. With the usual precocity of musical genius he contrived to acquire in his native village some knowledge of the violin, clarinet, and flute, before formally attaching himself to a teacher in the town of Elbing. After some orchestral practice of an irregular kind, he entered one of the Dantziger regiments as first clarionette. The next important step in his career was his entrance into Gungl's famous orchestra at Berlin. The conductorship of Kroll's Garden followed, where he produced much popular dance music and other original pieces. When Kroll's was burnt down, Mr Manns was selected by the Minister of War as bandmaster for his own regiment, which soon became known for its high efficiency. In 1855 Mr Manns became chief musical director to the Crystal Palace Company. Beginning with a wind band, he gradually worked the change in the character of the instrumentalists, in the surroundings, and in the quality of the concerts, which all who knew the Sydenham concert room of the past and know it to-day must regard as an eloquent testimony to his powers. One of the sources of Mr Manns' success as a director has been his catholicity of taste. With equal enthusiasm and fidelity to the composer's intentions, he has produced works of opposite tendencies. Schumann and Brahms have, in especial, had a hearing through Mr Manns, and it is to the indefatigable energy with which he rehearses new compositions that some great modern works have got into vogue. As a conductor, his gloved hand smooths an iron grasp, and he has the essential power of breathing his own spirit into the band. In his generalship, the great Handel chorus and orchestra have supreme confidence. He has led them to triumph in the past, and the augmented vigour and enterprise he has thrown into the Bicentenary Commemoration are an earnest of still greater achievement.

### The Festival of 1885: Mr Manns' Work.

The choir of the Bicentenary Commemoration is the same strength as formerly—that is, about 3400; but it is significant of the widespread interest felt in the Festival that a choir of 8000 could easily have been got together. Mr Manns has about 800 new voices, so as to secure additional brightness and freshness in the rendering of the choruses. Sir Michael Costa detested new singers in choirs conducted by him. Correctness of rendering was the quality he most sought after, and for which he was always willing to sacrifice the vocal freshness and enthusiasm of youth. It was remarked that when Costa was conducting at the opera, the bridesmaids in "Der Freischütz" were generally all over fifty years old; and when remonstrated with on the point he always deemed it sufficient to reply, "Yes, but they all know their parts."

No doubt the importation of new singers into the choir rendered more rehearsals necessary; but the public is doubtless inclined to remark upon this, "Let there be more rehearsals." The opinion of all must be that Mr Manns has acted wisely in adding fresh vocal quality to his choir. It will hardly be believed that when Mr Manns was on the occasion of the last performance sud-

denly called upon to conduct, he found that only two rehearsals of the "Selections"—leaving the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt" entirely unrehearsed—had been arranged for. Matters have been placed on a better footing this time. Mr Manns went north to Bradford, to try the Yorkshire contingent—with which he expressed himself greatly pleased,—and to Birmingham to hear the quality—which he pronounced excellent—of the contingent from the Midlands. The four full chorus rehearsals—two of the "Selection," and one each of the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt"—must give strength and confidence to the choir.

In other respects there is reason to believe that great improvement in *ensemble* will be manifested. Mr Manns' whole soul is in the work, and he has laboured unremittingly to make the performance as perfect in detail as possible. It is a curious fact that until the other day neither the chorus nor orchestra parts seem to have been ever overhauled with a view to test their correctness. Mr Manns has just done this, however, with the result of discovering some extraordinary blunders. For example, in one number it struck him that there was something wrong in the strings. On closer examination it turned out that in a certain chord while some played A flat, others played A natural. The separate parts were examined, when it appeared that in the passage in question half were scored with an A flat, and half with A natural. The most singular fact of the whole affair is the existence and performance of this error without discovery for twenty-five years. Much the same blunders have been discovered by Mr Manns in the orchestra parts. In the original they have only a figured bass, and in the writing out mistakes were made which altered whole chords, and yet passed undetected, or at any rate unremedied.

Great and admirable in many respects as were the Handel Festivals conducted by Sir Michael Costa, there can be little doubt that in the rendering of certain works he introduced innovations which were unequivocal defects. His fondness for brass was proverbial, and he was also responsible for several pauses—to allow the applause to come in, after the manner of the opera—which destroyed the artistic unity and meaning of many passages. He also gave a curious reading of the line, "darkness which might be felt." Under his direction the chorus always stopped short on the word "might"—"darkness which might—be felt,"—which to most listeners seemed neither artistic nor in accordance with common sense. If it be urged that there is a pause marked over the word "might," it may be replied that the mark is not Handel's. It is pleasing to learn that Mr Manns also takes this view, and will have the passage properly rendered at the performance.

There has been some discussion regarding one novelty in the programme—the newly discovered sonata for violin. The solo part of this is complete, but the accompaniment only figured. It has been finished and published by Ferdinand David of Leipsic in very excellent and artistic style. Joachim was asked to play it, but he replied that a violin solo in the centre transept of the Crystal Palace would be lost to all but a very few. This seemed a reasonable objection to Mr Manns, who at the same time very much desired to introduce the work—which is of rare melodious beauty, and only takes eight minutes to perform—to the Festival audience. So he determined to have it played by 200 violins; and for this he is being sadly taken to task by the purists, who apparently would rather merely see a violin solo performed than hear it.

The critics will probably attack another alteration in the accepted version of a well-known number. The chorus, "The waters overwhelmed them," has hitherto been given with the organ playing the full voice parts. This entirely drowned the clever string accompaniment illustrative of the rush and flow of the water. Mr Manns will use Mendelssohn's organ part, which makes the instrument come in only at intervals—a change likely to be

approved by all except, of course, by Messieurs les Puristes.

In chatting with Mr Manns about the Festival the other day, our representative asked him what sensation was predominant in his breast when conducting orchestra and chorus of such gigantic proportions as those of the Handel Festival. He said it was one of exaltation—for with no other word could he describe the feeling of having touch with so immense a number of people, and of evolving and directing so tremendous a body of sound.

"What is to limit the numerical increase of orchestras and choirs," he was asked, "if 4000 voices are good, would not 8000 be better?"

"No," he replied, "because you have to keep in view considerations of equality and balance. You may add to your choir, but you cannot possibly augment your solo voices. Moreover, the rendering of all choruses is not improved by an increase in the number of singers. Some of the choruses from 'Israel in Egypt' could hardly be sung by too many voices, because they represent a nation crying out. Furthermore, large choirs tend to become unwieldy. On the Crystal Palace great orchestra the vibration, which is so confusing to the listener and especially to the conductor, is sometimes painfully apparent. I can sometimes only distinguish separate and involved parts by placing my hand behind my ear."

Mr Manns was questioned concerning the chances of his being able to produce Berlioz' "Te Deum" and "Messe des Morts" on a really grand scale. He said that he still hoped to do so, but that there were many difficulties in the way. "But the Handel Festival would, this year," he went on, "be really a great performance." That this forecast will be realised, cannot be doubted; and the largest share of honour will certainly be due to the distinguished conductor.

## Stanzas for Music.

### II.—AMID THE MUSIC.

*As the music spreads and swells,  
Ever, in a vision fair,  
Floats my lady for me there,  
And of her alone it tells.*

*All the sweetness of the sound  
Seems to weave about her form,  
And the music's highest storm  
Tenderly enfolds her round.*

*So that in a rarer air  
In a vesture strangely fine,  
With a gesture half divine,  
She is purified of care.*

*Would that it were ever so,  
That my dreams and wishes were  
As a rainbow over her,  
Wheresoever she should go.*

M. J. R.

I REGARD music not only as an art whose object it is to please the ear, but as one of the most powerful means of opening our hearts and of moving our affections.—GLUCK.

TRUE art endures for ever, and the true artist delights in the works of great minds.—BEETHOVEN.

MUSIC is at once the product of feeling and knowledge; for it requires from its disciples, composers and performers alike, not only talent and enthusiasm, but also that knowledge and perception which are the result of protracted study and reflection.—BERLIOZ.

WHICH of the two powers is able to raise men to the highest spheres, love or music? That's the question. I think we may say that whilst love can give us no idea of music, music can realise the idea of love. But why separate one from the other? The soul soars on the wings of both.—BERLIOZ.

ART and composition tolerate no conventional fetters; mind and soul soar above them.—HAYDN.



## A Forest Fantasy.

**A** SUDDEN desire had arisen in me. I was tired of my life in the city amid the dust and heat of the long summer days, and it seemed to me that, alone in the forest—in the pure sunshine and beneath the shadow of green leaves—I might accomplish the work for which inspiration failed me in the town. The more I thought of this project, the more it fascinated me. I would complete my symphony in the forest, drawing into it every murmur of the infinite life that breathed among the leaves, every inarticulate voice that stole in the deep night through the long aisles of the pine trees, every whisper of mystery that floated up from unseen waters or lingered about the mountain peaks when they were seen at midnight, clear and solemn, wreathed by the moonbeams, every note of woodwild bird, every cry of the forest dwellers, with the echoes of the thunder and the rush of the great storms that crashed through the trees and raged the night long among the crags. I would draw all these together and enshrine them in that "Forest Symphony" of mine.

With this purpose I had soon arranged for my absence from the city. There was a deserted woodman's hut that in my previous rambles through the forest of Sternwald I had discovered, far away from all frequented paths; and it was there that I purposed to take up my abode during the remaining months of the summer. Many days had not passed before I was comfortably in possession; heaps of leaves and a broad bearskin sufficed for my couch, and as for food, I could easily obtain it by walking once a week across the hills, a distance of some five miles, to the nearest village.

So my new life began. In the daytime I seldom wandered far from my hut, for—as I had hoped—in the perfect peace that was there, the spirit of music soon visited me again, and I wrote incessantly. The many sounds that came to my ear—the hum of insects buzzing by the door, the faint heaving rustle of branches above my cabin, the far-away bleating of sheep that had wandered from some mountain homestead and lost themselves amid the labyrinths of the wood—were but a gentle accompaniment to the songs that were in my thought. But the twilight and the night! Then I put away my books and bared my heart to the influences of the hour. Sometimes at sunset I would lie still and motionless, until at last the insects took me for a part of a tree or a stone, and boldly buzzed the talk of their life into my ear. The touch of the grass and the flowers seemed a friendly one, and a strange new comprehending love of all around me crept into my heart. And when the night stole down, I arose and wandered through the silent glades of the deep wood amid the darkness, until the moonbeams, as with silvery lances, pierced and dispelled it. Weird fancies then used to come to me, but they brought no fear as at other times they might have done. Strangest of all was a vague sense of something happening near me, of which I knew nothing, but to the revelation and full consciousness of which every day seemed to bring me with calm, glad expectancy nearer.

Often at midnight I lay awake within my cabin, gazing through the rough trellised window at the moon that lay low-brooding in the west, and, as I looked upon it, strange new imaginings came of a life unknown to me, of a world where passion is dead, and the cold terror of a phantasmal beauty alone exists. I felt a fascination that had something of horror in it; and this was only one among the many impressions from the external life that then first began with sudden and bewildering power to affect me.

Three weeks had passed when the weather changed, and during two days of storm I was imprisoned in my hut; but on the third day I was again able to ramble forth. It was already evening and the sun was near its setting, but a soft, clear light rested over everything, filling the serene unclouded heavens, and touching the trees, and rocks, and grass, and flowers, with a tranquil beauty, never so perfect as after the subsiding of a storm. The insects swarmed forth again, playing in ceaseless tournament in the warm sunlight, and from the hills the many voices of the streams might be heard with unwonted clearness. I had wandered some distance, when suddenly I came upon a broad and rapid stream, the existence of which I had not known before. I followed it through the deep cleft it had made in the rocks, but my foothold on the slippery stones was so uncertain, and the trees so hemmed in my way, that I was at last compelled to climb to the heights above, and so continue to trace its course. The distant sound of a waterfall made me eager to approach it. At last, after forcing my way with difficulty through the thick woods, I found myself upon the edge of the gorge, from the depths of which came the thunder of the cataract. Swinging myself from ledge to ledge with the aid of branches of the trees and long tufts of ferns that grew in great abundance, I alighted among the boulders that surrounded the dark pool, above which, half hidden by dense clouds of spray, towered a magnificent waterfall. Grasping a tree that hung over the pool, I stood for some time listening to the thunderous music of the waters—ever the same yet ever changing; and as I listened, again I was conscious of the feeling I have spoken of before—of a terrible personality in these forces of nature around me, waging a warfare of which I knew nothing—that overpowered me for a while with a benumbing terror.

Gradually this passed away, and another mood fell on me. This time it was a consciousness of strength and of wild defiance—for if there were this combat of all earthly forces, I too had part in it, I too would hold my own in the struggle and oppose the power of human will to the powers, visible and invisible, of the external life. I became like one possessed with a sudden fury; I leaped upon the pile of rocks beside me, and raised a shout that re-echoed from the cliffs, even amid the uproar of the cataract. Then I remembered a song that many years before I had been taught by my master—a Druid's song from Cagnoni's opera, of those who, on their way to torturing death, raised a wild chant of scorn and exultation—and this I gave forth with all the power of voice I could summon. The moon had now risen above the hills, and its light, though not illumining the waterfall pent in among the rocks, yet poured a flood of radiance on the pool, and gleamed upon the veil of mistlike spray hovering over the base of the waterfall.

As I sang, again that strange sense of a conflict taking place around me returned; and this time it seemed to me that my voice had gone forth as a challenge to those invisible powers of which the waters and the light were ministrants. Would it be answered? Gradually I felt a benumbing weight pressing upon me on all sides, and though I strove to continue, I knew that no sounds now passed my lips. I was hemmed in, crushed down, by an unspeakable terror; and soon I lay cowering among the rocks, seeking, but in vain, to shield my eyes from the fierce flood of light that was pouring on me. An instant—the spell was removed, and I was free again. Was it fancy merely? I knew not then, but it seemed to me that I could discern dim forms of strange grace and beauty hovering among the foam-wreaths, and from the heights above soft echoes came chanting my song's refrain. The moonlight died away, and I saw that thick clouds had again covered the sky. I could no longer bear the mystery of that spot, and forcing my way through the woods, I returned to my cabin.

**M**Y sleep that night was broken and troubled with restless dreams. I think that mid-night must have passed when I awoke with a start, and with that concentrated sense of alarm that comes to one suddenly disturbed. I thought that some one had touched me, but whether the feeling was only part of my dream or not, I could not tell. All was dark and silent about me. I sat erect, straining sight and hearing to detect any movement near. I held my breath, in a painful effort to catch any sound, for I could not shake off the conviction that I was not alone. But I heard nothing, and had turned to sleep again, when, from a bank of clouds low on the horizon, where the trees did not hide the margin of the sky, the moon shone out, and a faint glimmer of its light filled a portion of my cabin. But how was this? I was certain that I had closed the door on returning that night; but now it was open, and I felt upon my face the touch of the cold breeze that had arisen. Nothing was changed within the hut, and I had turned my eyes again towards the door, when suddenly I discerned there a motionless form, partly in the shadow near the doorpost, to which it appeared to be clinging as if for support. Soon I could see more plainly. It was a woman's form, with head bent down, and clad in a soft silvery sheen of drapery, the like of which I had never seen before. And now I heard a tremulous low breathing. I must have moved, for the next moment she came suddenly forward and sank upon the floor beside me. She spoke in hurried babbling tones that I could not understand. I saw her beautiful eyes raised to mine, and slender hands stretched out, as if in piteous entreaty. Still possessed by a terror I could not explain, I at last gasped out some words. She did not answer me, but came closer and touched my hand. A cold and numbing thrill passed through me at that touch, and I thrust her hand aside, but I still could not turn my eyes away from her imploring gaze and the wondrous delicate beauty of that dimly-outlined face. Then, ashamed of my fear, I laid my hand upon hers; and this time, though I felt that strange thrill again, yet as I retained my hold another feeling of deep and trance-like calm stole over me. Softly she withdrew her hand, and in an instant I was in the darkness again. I sprang up and rushed to the door, but now it was closed. I looked out; all was still and peaceful in the forest around, and there was only a faint line of light where the moon had sunk in the west. I returned to my couch, and soon a deep slumber fell on me, from which I did not awake till the morning sun was high in the heavens, and the warm air and carolling birds brought me their message of a new day.

But with the daylight the recollection of the night did not pass away. Every incident of it recurred clearly to my mind, and the impression I had received was wholly different from that which dreams, however vivid, had at other times produced. I searched the cabin, but nothing had been removed or disturbed there. All the day—for I was too excited to give myself to work—I wandered restlessly among the woods, seeking the trace of footsteps, fancying that in some secret dell I might perchance discover the hiding-place of my visitor of the night before. Many a time some glimpse of whiteness by the river's side or among the deep shadows of the wood made my pulses quicken with the thought that she was near; but approaching, I found it was only the flash of sunlight upon a tiny rill or white stone that had deceived me. Several days passed thus, but I discovered nothing.

I resolved to return to my work, and soon was able to resume it with a new ardour, for in my symphony I found that I could tell the story of all I had seen that night, and utter the longings, the weird fancies, the passionate hopes that now filled my heart. Only to see her again! In the evenings I took my violin, and for long hours its notes poured forth the same tale. The sun went down, and



darkness fell upon the great silent forest around me, but still I played on, for I had a hope that the music might draw her near to me. The moon was on the wane; the nights were very dark; and no answer came.

The days passed on, and I still continued the same manner of life. My symphony progressed rapidly, but the music that I played every night was now often despondent and sad, as my hopes began to dwindle away. Still my violin continued its nightly solitary song.

But one night—I remember that the moon was again nearing the full, and in the open spaces the light was strong and clear—as I was playing, I heard a slight rustling among the branches near me, as of some forest creature timidly approaching. My heart beat quicker, but I continued playing. Gliding forth with soft steps from the shadow, I saw a form passing into the lighted space before me, but still my fingers tremulously held the bow, and the song, now changed to a glad welcoming strain, went on. Soon I could bear the suspense no longer, and gently laid the violin beside me, but did not move for fear of alarming her. Then I looked up, and knew that the vision of the night had indeed come to me again. There in the full moonlight she stood, motionless and beautiful as the dream of a poet in the olden world. When the music ceased, she quickly came near me, sinking down on the grass by my side, and laying her fingers, as with a child's curiosity, upon the strings of my violin. Lifting her eyes to mine with a calm confiding look (for she had already learnt from my music that I would do her no harm), she seemed to be mutely questioning me—who was I, and to what strange order of beings did I belong, who had thus intruded myself within the sacred circle of her life?

But for myself, it was strange that I never speculated as to the race to which she belonged. From the first moment that I saw her I lived in a dream. In her presence my whole being was filled with a strange calm and contentment, and though at first we had no common speech, yet, as she sat by my side and I clasped her hands in mine, many hours had not passed before each had learnt the secret of the other's life, and love with its strange sweet intuition had made us forget all but love.

And now every night with the first rising of the moon she came to me and stayed until its setting, when, despite my entreaties, she always glided from me, and I never was able to discover whither she had gone. During the hours that we were together at first I used always to play my violin to her, and looking in her eyes knew that she perfectly comprehended the message that I sought to give her in the music. Then I began to teach her the meaning of words in my own language, and these in a marvellously short time she was able to understand and make use of; for, indeed, she told me that she already had learned something of them, while listening unseen to the talk of peasants on the outskirts of the forest.

If at any time she spoke of the place whence she had come, and of those who had been her companions there, it was with a hushed voice and a frightened look in her eyes that I could not at first understand; and as I never tried to force her to speak of these things, even to the last I had but a very imperfect knowledge of them. One night, however, I remember her telling me something of herself. She knew every secret path in the forest, and we had wandered together, further than I had ever been before, along the course of the river up to the very point where it first leapt forth from the grand gloomy archway of a cavern in the side of the mountain. When we reached the spot, I stepped forward to gaze, as best I could in the moonlight, upon the broad rushing stream and the grand vaulted roof of the cave whose gloom was penetrated for a short distance by the moonbeams which fell directly upon the entrance. I turned to speak to her, but she was not there, and at the same time I heard a faint whisper behind me,

"Remi" (for so she had in soft melodious fashion corrupted my name, "Henri"), "come to me!"

I darted along the path by which we had come, and soon found her cowering among the trees. She clasped my hands, and in extreme agitation said, "Let us go back! Did not you see them? I know they are searching for me. Oh, Remi, take me away!"

I hurriedly led her from the spot, and that night in our own cabin, still agitated, she spoke in many broken words of that cavern and the dwellers there, and of what her life had been before she came to me. As well as I can put them together, these were her words:

"I am not afraid now, but just at first when I saw the place, I could not help remembering. Remi, it was there I dwelt once, far away, beneath what you call the mountain and the earth. But we have lakes and streams, and a land of such marvellous beauty that you can never see! It is not all darkness there, for we have a light soft and beautiful as that of the moon; and we have another light, but more terrible and bright, for in some of the lower valleys are broad lakes of glowing fire. I have never ventured near them, though I have heard that the land there is even more grandly beautiful than in the regions where I dwelt. And we possess powers that you earth-dwellers know nothing of. At our will we can float through the air, and become unseen by men and animals; by the touch of our fingers we can, if we choose, blast and kill. Ah, you do not know the wonderful secrets of our life! Sometimes, when the moonlight, which most resembles that of our own world, is clear, we come forth and float over your hills and valleys; for we love to pass through your forests, to circle the peaks of your mountains, both when the thick clouds cover them and the lightnings are couched there, and when in the crystalline purity of winter nights they keep close company with the stars. But when the moonlight becomes faint with only a thin edge of brightness, then we must return to our own land, and those who do not, they are counted as outcasts. I do not know what becomes of them! And I," she said, looking up at the moon, whose brightness, though still clear, was beginning to wane, "I, what shall I be? But, Remi," she whispered, suddenly coming closer to me and excitedly putting her hands on my arm, "there is something that you mortals have that we do not know of! First, long ago, I learnt this when one night I had come to an encampment of dark-faced people living in tents in the forest. It was very hot, and that night they slept in the open air beneath the trees. As I came near there was a little child that lay in its mother's arms. The woman was asleep, but the child moaned with weak cries, and I knew that its life was passing away. The mother did not awake, and the baby's cries by degrees became weaker and weaker. Then, with a sudden feeling I could not account for, I bent down and laid my lips upon those of the child. Oh, the touch of these baby lips! As it kissed me, a long sigh came, and the child's life was gone; but, Remi—I cannot tell—ever since that night, it has seemed to me that the kiss of that dying child had imparted to me something that my companions know not of. What is it?" she continued wildly. "A longing for something that all the beauty I look upon cannot give,—a passion and a craving of which, ever since that first night, I have heard the message in your music, which comes to me in the glances of your eyes, and in the touch of your hands as they clasp mine. What is it?"

She sank at my feet on the ground, then slowly rising said, fixing her gaze upon the still brilliant moonlight as it glimmered through the trees:

"I will give up all—I too will be an outcast from my own land—I will live in the light of your day, and walk with slow feet along the paths of your life, and forget the world I came from, and the powers of my own race. I will forget all, if I may but know what is the meaning of this strange

sorrow and gladness, these sweet hopes and longings, this passion and glory of your human life!"

III.

A first she could not be with me during the day, but remained within the darkened hut in a kind of torpor till evening came.

When one morning I had opened the window and let in the clear morning light, she shrieked piteously, and begged me to hide her from it; and, accordingly, for some time I carefully prevented all access of light to the inner room. But she grew impatient of this. Was not her life henceforth to be part of mine? Day by day, therefore, allowing a faint glimmer of sunlight to enter, she became gradually accustomed to bear the daylight, though she was seldom able to accompany me in the full blaze of the sun's rays. But when the evening came, she went forth with me. Then I played to her the music I had been composing during the day, or she would sing sweet songs of her own that had a strange magic and beauty in them—for the birds would often draw near, and the forest creatures peep forth from their coverts as she passed. Our favourite resort was a crag of castellated shape that rose in the midst of the long ravine leading to the mountain I have spoken of. There, on a broad ledge we rested, watching the sun setting over the vast plain of the forest, and then turning to the pure silvery light of the moon that glimmered forth from the east. She used eagerly to question me about my life in the city, and speculate as to whether she could go with me there. I told her of the great squares, the crowds of people, the theatres, the music with the thousands of voices, and the massing of many instruments in the choruses of the great masters. She listened with quick coming breath and sparkling eyes; but once or twice, when I spoke of these things, she sighed, and her head sank low on my breast, while she said, "Remi, I do not want to be more happy; are people happy for a long time?"

I had found a name for her of my own—Luna, and its soft musical sound pleased her so much, that she would not let me call her by any other name. "Why should you be frightened, Luna?" I said. "Are you afraid that our happiness will not last? You cannot think that I will leave you; is it that you fear any danger from those with whom you once lived?"

She told me that she had no fear of them, for so long as she did not seek to resume her old life, her old companions could do nothing to harm her. "But," she added with a shudder, creeping closer to me, "I have heard that if anyone who had deserted their life were tempted to use that power again, that then—" She did not finish the words, but burst into tears, and it was some time before I could calm her and turn her thoughts to other things.

Oh, those short happy days of summer that so quickly went by! Soon, by the more frequent storms, the falling leaves, and chiller nights, we knew that autumn was near, but no thought of leaving our home in the woods ever troubled us.

The storm had continued for several days, but at last the rain ceased, and we were able to wander forth again. Every vestige of cloud had passed away; and when the night fell, innumerable stars shone out in the clear heavens. I remember that as we left the cabin, the moon was just rising in full-orbed brightness and flooding all the interspaces of the forest with its light. Knowing how the long rains must have swollen the river, we had chosen that night to visit the waterfall. It was a magnificent spectacle, tossing high its clouds of foam, and pouring down in mighty volume and with a roar of thunder. As we looked, I thought I could see again the dim flitting shapes I had seen hovering there once before, and faintly smiling, Luna said, "Yes, they are there, but they do not know me now."

Almost at the very moment that she was speaking, I felt the ground slipping from beneath me. Luna stretched out her hands, but I would not seize them for fear of dragging her down. The



bank on which we were standing had suddenly given way—the earth having been loosened and undermined by the force of the swollen torrent—and in an instant I fell into the stream. I found myself weak as a child to resist it. The current was so strong that it swept me along perfectly helpless to battle with it and reach the shore. I saw Luna distractedly darting along the bank and following me, and as I felt my strength quickly going and a dimness of last exhaustion spreading before my eyes, I stretched out my arms as far as I could above the water in signal of farewell, and then—utter unconsciousness fell upon me. Would that that had been the end!

When again I opened my eyes, I was lying on the grass, while she was pressing me to her warm bosom and striving so to give me life. I soon revived, and slowly we set out to return to our cabin. I could hardly speak from exhaustion, and had to lean upon her arm as I walked; but even then it struck me that Luna was paler and more silent than I had noticed before. Fool that I was, I took it for granted that, following the stream as it bore me on, and watching for a moment when I was hurried near the bank, she had caught and saved me. Ah, if that had been all!

When we reached the cabin I sank down upon the couch and was soon asleep. Several hours must have passed before I awoke. Luna was by my side, but she had half-risen and was bending over me weeping, and the tears as they fell upon my face had probably aroused me. I drew her towards me: she was icy cold and shivered in my arms. Almost convulsively agitated she whispered, "Remi, will you—will you love me always—always!" Soon she became calmer, and once more I fell asleep.

I do not think a long time could have elapsed when again I awoke. I sprang to my feet in a state of uncontrollable terror, the cause of which I knew not. This time I saw that the door was open, and with ominous red light the moon in its setting was pouring its rays into a portion of my cabin. Then I heard a rustle as of many feet, and suddenly everything was in total darkness about me. I sprang back to the couch and clasped Luna in my arms. She had swooned, and lay cold and insensible in my clasp. Deep silence again had fallen, and with an effort I raised my head and looked round. And now I saw dimly outlined in the gloom about me many forms of a strange, terrible beauty, filling my cabin; and one amongst them, their leader, upon whose forehead lay a circlet of pale starry lights, approached us. I looked upon his face, and saw in his eyes a look of awful relentless wrath. I strove to raise myself, but a weight as of iron seemed to hold me down. Then I sought to shield Luna by interposing my own body between her and her pursuers. In that moment all the truth flashed upon me. When I was sinking in the stream, she had once more put forth the powers belonging to her former life that she might save me, and sweeping down into the chasm, through which I was being hurled along, had borne me aloft in safety to the hillside, where I had awakened. And now the retribution of which she had once spoken had come. Wildly I pressed her in my arms, seeking if I could to hide her in my embrace, and surely it was not a mere fancy of mine that I felt her arms faintly pressing me to her. Then a strange thrilling pain flashed through me, and I knew my doom had come.

Many weeks passed before I recovered consciousness. I found myself in the hospital in the city. There I was told that the villagers from whom I had been in the habit of obtaining food, alarmed at my non-appearance, had come to the cabin to seek me. I had been found in a state of raving madness, which had continued for a long time after my removal to the city.

"Where is she? She is not dead!" I cried out; but, shrugging their shoulders, the attendants turned away, one of them saying with a hard laugh, "That must be the one he was raving about all the time."

The next day, forcing myself to speak calmly, I asked them if I was alone when the peasants found me; and they told me that not a creature had been discovered in or near the place.

When able to travel, I returned immediately to the cabin and searched there for many days. I haunted the course of the river and plunged into all the deep tangled recesses of the wood in the hope of finding her;—but it was all in vain.

Is she dead? My heart tells me so, or surely I should have had sight of or received some message from her. Surely the passionate prayer that unceasingly has gone out to her during all these years from the dreary loneliness of my life would have evoked an answer before now!

The dust lies thick upon the score of my "Forest Symphony" on yonder shelf. It is, and always will remain, unfinished.

## St. Cecilia.

By the Author of "Venetia's Lovers," &c.

### CHAPTER VII.

"Music overarches this existence with another and a divinest."

ALWAYS music—not her own, indeed, but another's, that spoke out her own needs and satisfied her thirsty soul like a draught of wine. Cis's weary days had a meaning now. She could believe a little in the teacher's high vocation, in the dignity of labour and the sweetness of obligations that had been fully met, and dared therefore claim this great reward. Music, the healer, reconciled Cecilia to herself and her little world; the outward and the inward activities were no longer disjointed, and life had the colour of a great voyage in which new and beautiful discoveries might be made at any moment. Night after night now she stole along the corridor, and slid behind the green baize that imprisoned the music, listening there to the melodies that seemed to have a fuller meaning as they penetrated and filled the darkness.

By some accident that was not wholly guided by chance, perhaps, the professor's door was always left a little open; the professor had a quick ear, and it may be that he heard the soft, frightened rustle of the fugitive's dress when he stopped playing. He had a way of arresting his fingers suddenly on the keys that was very disconcerting to the eavesdropper. Perhaps he remembered Liddy's impulsive words about the sister who sang like an angel. Where, then, was this rosy-cheeked English angel, who doubtless warbled half a tone flat without ever discovering it, throwing in here and there an inaccurate note of accompaniment, with a delightful belief in her talent and charms? The professor had all his national hatred for the low standard of his art that satisfies the slovenly Englishman; he did not believe that Liddy's angel was anything more than a pretty young lady like herself, with a robin's taste for chirping, and the ambition of a nightingale; but if there should, by any chance, be someone out there in the darkness to whom his music came as a message or a consolation, there was no one more willing than he to share it. It was to him far too great, priceless, and beautiful a gift to keep wrapped up in a napkin; he believed in its high mission, and felt it an obligation to make it noble in its use and exercise.

By-and-bye there came to be a sort of piquant excitement in working on the emotions of an unseen listener; for he had one evening by a quick movement cunningly caught a glimpse of vanishing skirts, and now felt sure that his surmises were justified. There was someone whom an imperious need—a longing he could well understand—impelled nightly to his neighbourhood. He had so trained his ear that he could now hear the soft fall of

the padded door, as it was shut behind the visitor, and he almost dreamed that he could follow the quick, responsive heart-beats that kept time to his moods.

He ranged over every key, sometimes severe, sometimes exuberant—now grave, now gay. Sometimes he sang those songs where Schubert has wedded his music to Heine's words—words and music alike full of a deep, compelling power; sometimes he drew the bow across the vibrating strings, and the violin—that matchless singer among instruments—took up the story. To Cis, crouching in the darkness, it was enough that it was music; it was no matter to her whether it was Tartini, or Kreutzer, or Spohr whose school the professor favoured in these heights and depths he drew from the violin, or Mendelssohn, Beethoven, or Wagner who made a quivering speech for her on the piano; it was enough that it fed her soul, so long hungering.

For how many days Cecilia might have listened unnoticed, as she thought, it would be difficult to tell; but one night a little accident betrayed her.

Hitherto everybody had silently acquiesced in Cis's disappearances, but all at once Miss MacBride entertained a scruple. There was not, it is true, any more reason now than there was at the first for objecting to the professor. Indeed he had proved himself a perfect model of a professor, and the most unobtrusive of boarders. In one sense he did not properly board at all, as he drank his coffee in his own room in the mornings, and asked for nothing but the simplest refreshment, which he took in the same seclusion at night.

All day long he was busy teaching or rehearsing for evening concerts—a full life, leaving him only the margins of time for pleasure and solace—that evening hour which Cecilia shared. If he were, as Miss Bogie held him to be, "an itinerant character," his wanderings had at least a punctual, nightly conclusion. A professor who wiped his feet carefully on the door-mat, who did not ask for a latch-key—being indeed rarely later than nine o'clock—who paid his weekly dues punctually, and who ate anything that was put before him: what more could the heart of woman desire in man? Even in encounters on the stair, not solely left to chance perhaps, nothing more happened than that Herr König rapidly backed down the little spiral, and stood aside, making room for the lady, with a low bow. This chivalrous conduct so far softened Miss MacBride that she was willing to entertain a doubt as to Herr König being the leader of the German band associated with her prosperous days, and the recipient of weekly charity from the MacBrides.

"After all, he mayn't be the same, Maria, though to be sure I ought to know his face, for I once went down to the door myself to ask him to play a tune papa was fond of. And once when he had a card party they came and played below the windows, and the gentlemen subscribed a whole gold guinea, which was sent down on a silver salver."

Miss Bogie, who was of a less confiding nature, would not commit herself. "There was no telling," she remarked darkly, a saying pregnant of evil meaning. It was perhaps this depressing doubt, perhaps a stirring of curiosity—for our motives are often strangely mixed—that suddenly opened Miss MacBride's eyes to the impropriety of allowing Cecilia to eavesdrop unchaperoned.

She came out of her room with a little rush one night after this discovery, when Cecilia stole upstairs as usual.

"I am coming with you, my dear," she said; "it's not a nice position for you to be in."

"It's rather dark, certainly," Cis assented, "but for hearing that doesn't matter."

"Oh, but it does matter—your being here alone, I mean."

"It has the sweetness of stolen fruit," Cis answered, with a smile; "but I wish I could take it honestly."

"Suppose he came out suddenly and found you there?" suggested Miss MacBride, as they ap-



proached the green door. "It would be most embarrassing," said Cis, in a laughing whisper. "He's an Orpheus who draws one almost against one's will, and he oughtn't to resent one's obedience."

Cecilia had soon a chance of making her peace with the professor. Miss MacBride was one of the people who always rustle, no matter in what they are clothed; her very whispering had a penetrating edge, the more that she elaborately tried to subdue it.

"She was not quite sure who Orpheus was—though of course he was musical—that everybody knew. And had Cecilia room in her corner? And wasn't she afraid of the dark? And what was that queer, jumpy thing the professor was playing?"

The professor's playing ceased suddenly; and before there was time to escape, he had opened the door and invited the ladies, in his best English, to walk in.

Cecilia shrank back ashamed and confused, her words all deserting her; but Miss MacBride, forgetting her suspicions, had a little air of natural and kindly dignity, as she stepped forward, and said, courteously:

"I hope you'll forgive our rudeness, Mr König; I know it's a most ill-bred thing to listen, but my young friend here is very fond of a tune, and you play so finely, we couldn't help coming to hear you."

"If the ladies will honour my poor room," said the professor, waving his hand, with one of his finest bows, "it will give me much delight to play to them."

He looked a little keenly at Cecilia from behind his spectacles, making the sensitive colour rush into her cheeks. Yes, a pretty young lady, like the little sister, with the same Titian shade of hair; quite pretty enough to leave the singing for some one else's gift.

"If you are sure we are not disturbing you?" said Miss MacBride, feeling that politeness demanded coyness, and yet struggling with curiosity.

The professor was more than sure—it was a pleasure—an honour. He bustled about to clear chairs of scattered music-sheets, and to welcome them in his simple way.

Miss MacBride looked about her at the bare, untidy room, full of an artist's litter, with a half-delightful, half-shivering sense of being very bold and rather improper, and with an oblique wonder as to what Maria would say when she came to hear of this adventure; but Cecilia thought of nothing but the music. She went and stood by the professor, who had re-seated himself at the piano.

"You sing, mein Fraulein?" he asked, looking up at her benevolently and reading the *sehnsucht* in her eyes. He recognised at once his secret listener. Here was one on whom his music was well spent, even if she should be able but to receive and not to give again.

"Yes," said Cecilia, simply, "but not to-night; you please."

"Nun! shall it be Schubert, then? You know him?"

"Very little. I should like to know him more—and better."

"Good. He is a *colossal* *kerl*, our Schubert. What shall it be?" He turned over the pages, politely willing that she should choose.

But Cis had no choice. "Anything," she said, with a little sigh of utter content.

Already without a word these two understood each other. Some subtle sympathy thrilled them with a common emotion that does not need our clumsy medium of speech for its interpreter.

He preluded with a minor chord or two, his big hands touching the keys as if he loved, while yet he mastered them. He had read the tiredness in Cecilia's face when the flush of embarrassment died away; she was to him a poor, weary little woman grappling with problems that were too hard for her, busy with the afternoon tasks when she should still

have been playing in her life's morning. Perhaps that was why he chose a song that is full of the gentlest rest.

"Du bist die Ruh," he sang in his deep, full voice.

"Du bist die Ruh, der Friede mild,  
Die Sehnsucht du, und was sie stillt."

Rest and peace; they came to Cis in the gentle music, and the *Sehnsucht*, too, had its answer, and was stilled.

After this the feast was spread for her, every night. The world was beautiful now, and full of many new voices, unheard before.

Miss MacBride, supported by her desire to chaperon Cecilia, was a nightly guest too, her fears all conquered. She was ready now to assert that she had never seen more than a fleeting likeness between the professor and his brother German of the band. Miss Bogie held out for some time, but finally gave in, impelled by a desire to contradict her friend in private—perhaps to alloy her hopefulness with new suspicions. On the question of music she felt herself to be a judge. She listened a little loftily, contenting herself with vague hints of past days when she too had been a votary of the art.

"We cultivate a different style in England," she remarked. "We like something a little more catching and livelier; something with a tune in it. That kind of music that has neither beginning nor end, and that you can play in anywhere will never be very popular with us."

She looked a little severely at Miss MacBride, who immediately felt that hers was the admiration of ignorance.

"Your Scotland inspired our Mendelssohn, madam, and we thank you for that," said the professor, adroitly concealing a grimace. It said something for his self-restraint that he reined in his wrath on the subject of music in England. Music! Heaven save the mark! but then this poor "mees," with her Christy-minstrel soul, what could she know?

It was Cis for whom he played; she was worthy of something better than those other good ladies. She had the understanding soul. He gave her of his best, lifting her by slow degrees to something higher, disciplining and controlling her emotions, training her ear to catch new subtleties of beauty.

It was a large world of liberty the poor shabby German opened to her, and Cis entered it as a bird set free from its cage. She was happy in those days, wanting as yet nothing more, and went about softly singing to herself—

"Du bist die Ruh, der Friede mild,  
Die Sehnsucht du, und was sie stillt."

VIII.  
THE early storms that herald winter's coming had now set in, and some enthusiasm was required to make one face the long stretch of lonely road that divides town from country for the sake of society. Nevertheless, Hugh Jardine faced the mire and the weird night, and presented himself one evening not long after the professor's arrival at Battle House.

The warm and human side of life turned its face to him in this old nest which he associated with all his relations. There is, perhaps, no relationship that can be so delightful as that of cousins; it has all the privileges and none of the drawbacks of brother and sister hood; the tie of common blood; the joint possession of traits and traditions, and the nearness without the too great familiarity that sometimes endangers love.

Hugh was minded to take full advantage of all his rights, one of these being the presentation of himself at any moment without ceremonious announcement. He did not wait for the little black-handed "marchioness" who now reigned in the kitchen to come at her leisure and let him in: he turned the iron loop of the house door and walked straight from the outer darkness to Liddy's bright young presence.

Liddy sat alone in the family sitting-room, cosy with the warmth of faded moreen curtains and the light of a shaded lamp. It was a spacious room, but somewhat austere under daylight conditions in its bareness. The furniture belonged to that melancholy period of domestic upholstery when the natural mind went out in dreadful curves and arabesques, as a revolt from the severe chastity of Chippendale; the era of magenta, arsenic green, and other afflicting brilliancies. Liddy sat tucked up in a corner of an ample horse-hair-covered sofa, so worn by courageous use into hollows that it was possible for the initiated to repose on it without glissading off it summarily. Liddy was one of those little dots of women who seem to fit naturally into corners or on to footstools or low seats, and for whom the severity of a high-backed, oak-carved chair was certainly never invented.

She was hemming dusters, with the happy verve a Raeburn brought to all her tasks, and she pointed a bright, marking little needle at Hugh, reproaching him for what seemed to her quite shameful neglect of his family.

"We made up our minds that you were ashamed of us since we became regular traffickers in the boarding market," she said, trying to hide her dimples. "It's what we must expect, and we did our best to bear it with meekness."

Hugh, warily declining the allurements of the horse-hair sofa, had seated himself on a corner of the table, whence he looked down on his little cousin with manly superiority.

"My dear child," he said, with assumed loftiness, "a man at my time of life has other things to think of than girls, however charming."

"So we are still charming!" she laughed. "I'm afraid we'll be anything but that in Aunt Catherine's eyes. We expect to hear that she has taken to bed and sent for the family physician to prescribe a tonic when news of our disgrace reaches her. I suppose it would have been much more praiseworthy and certainly more fashionable to have gone into debt. We could have filed our bills and left someone else to pay for them."

"Liddel," said Hugh, severely, "don't try on cynicism; it isn't your line. You ought rather to thank me for making the boarder question easy for you."

"Oh," said Liddy, who was in a teasing mood, "I didn't know that you had anything to do with the slenderness of Miss MacBride's appetite. But you'll be glad to hear that she and Miss Bogie don't eat a scrap more than they pay for, and that we've managed to keep Hibernia's longings within manageable limits. I don't believe she devours more than Sue and Cis and me put together."

"How do you like the Professor?" Hugh asked calmly, ignoring this information. "Professor König? Herr August König of Mannheim, Professor of Music—otherwise the *Königlicher Musik-Direktor* of his native town, and formerly leader of the *Städtisches Orchester*—"

"You seem to know a lot about him," said Liddy, with uplifted brows.

"What do you think of him?" Hugh repeated. "He has very large feet. I should think his shoemaker charges him a good deal," she answered demurely.

"I suppose you would like him to wax his moustache and scent his pocket-handkerchief," he retorted with a touch of scorn. "That's the feminine ideal," I believe.

"No," said Liddy, meditatively; "if he took to perfume it would likely be musk, he looks as if he would like all his sensations to be big, and I wouldn't stand that. I think I could stop short at his cutting his hair—just an inch or two, you know: I wouldn't ask him to model himself on the convict pattern—like you!" She turned upon her cousin with a smile that would not be restrained, and that showed all her pretty teeth.

"It's a poor man's only luxury," said Hugh, somewhat mollified by the smile. "When I've had



a threepenny clip I feel almost as if I had put on a new suit of clothes."

"Perhaps that's why Herr König doesn't cut his. On the whole he seems to prefer old clothes even to the imagination of new ones."

"I thought you'd have known an honest man, Liddy, even though he wasn't got up like a tailor's block," said Hugh, waxing angry again.

"And so I do!" cried Liddy, suddenly throwing off her airs and looking up with a flash of her bright eyes. "And Herr König is just splendid. But you shouldn't have left us in such heathen darkness about him, Hugh. Miss MacBride has been a perfect Cassandra with her warnings. She says he used to blow a trumpet under the MacBride windows—"

"Blow a trumpet!" echoed Hugh, his eyes wide with amazement.

"Well, bray away in a German band; it's all the same thing. And Miss Bogie thinks he fiddles on the Burntisland steamer and goes round with the hat afterwards. The hat is some justification, perhaps; it's like no headcovering I ever saw before."

Hugh received this view of the Professor's art with such a healthy bass roar of laughter that Liddy was quite carried away by it and had to chime in with her treble.

"Why, he's a thoroughly trained musician," he said, after he had recovered breath, "a pupil of Liszt and other swells, and quite brimful of culture. German culture, mind you. Of course he is poor just now, but when once he is known there will be a rush after him: it's all or nothing with our fair city, either starve a man or kill him with attention. He'll command any price he likes by-and-by."

"And then he'll leave us," said Liddy, looking down and absently folding her duster very small. "Where did you find him?" she roused herself to ask.

"He found me," said Hugh. "There's a poor beggar of a German—that player on the big drum I told you of—who is dying, not by inches but by ells, of a cough. I happened to be with him one night when König came in, and we struck up a kind of intimacy—the effect of German *schweiermüde* on Scotch stolidity, you see. I found out then or later that he wanted quieter lodgings—had been warned out of his last, indeed, by an ignorant landlady, who didn't appreciate his noise. You may think him uncouth and careless, Liddy, but if he spent more on himself that poor countryman of his would have been in his grave long ago."

"I don't despise him," said Liddy, with tears in her eyes. "It would be like despising my own father or you."

"Well, we're all third-class passengers on the journey of life," said Hugh, cheerfully, "but what does it matter? The differences are, after all, only superficial, and the goal is the same for every one."

Hugh looked, as he sat with his feet dangling, his head erect, his grey eyes full of a shining purpose, as if he courted the jostling crowd elbowing rather than the cushioned ease; he had the youthful scorn that feels itself quite above the remark of the world, a healthier quality than the moral cowardice that makes compliance necessary at any cost.

"Herr König has made this a new world for Cis," said Liddy, after a pause, "and I'd like him for that if for nothing else. She is content, Hugh. I think she has no wishes left now."

Hugh shook his head. "The *allegro* doesn't last in life any more than in music."

"Do you mean that she won't always be content? Oh, Hugh, if you thought that why did you send Herr König here? Do you think she will want more than he can give her?"

"I think she will want a life of her own—unless"—Hugh stopped suddenly, and added almost petulantly, "Put away that rag, Liddy, and come up. I want to see König. I suppose Cis is always listening to him now."

"Guarded by Miss MacBride and Miss Bogie," laughed Liddy.

"Susan is out shopping—" as Susan had it written

"She oughtn't to be out at this time," said Hugh, who seemed to have grown all at once irritable:

"It is far too late."

"We have to do our shopping at night, we working women," said Liddy, demurely; "but we are not proud, and the miller's wife is to walk back with Susan, and, meanwhile, Cis is quite safe with two such models of propriety to guard her."

"And who looks after you?" said Hugh, half inclined to smile, and frowning to hide the inclination. "It seems to me you want a duenna more than any of them."

"I can take care of myself," she answered with dignity, as she walked out before him.

It was as she said; Miss MacBride was in the west room, mild and beaming; Miss Bogie had even imported her embroidery frame, and used it as a modest screen between her and the professor's dreamy face at the piano. The inmost citadel of Miss Bogie's reserve had yielded when the professor caught cold and she was able to prescribe certain voice lozenges. To prescribe for a brother musician with an air of authority and much illuminating quotation is the next best thing to rivaling his music, and it so comforted Miss Bogie that she wasted no more regrets on the quadrilles and reels that had gone into Cis's keeping.

Cecilia stood near the piano: the music was a spell she could never resist, and it seemed impossible for her to sit and hear it from a distance. It was a Fugue of the great Johann Sebastian Bach—the player was interpreting—Bach, faithfulest and most conscientious of artists, whom his Germans love for that "whiteness of his soul" which he kept to the end and which sanctifies and ennobs all his work. It is in the Fatherland where his *Passiones* is deep rooted in the life and the affections of the people—the Fatherland where every child is born with a music soul—that he has his true place, and in revealing the great master to her, Herr König was paying Cecilia's instructive comprehension a larger tribute than she then knew. For Bach is not the musician of the unlearned and the ignorant: his joys and his sorrows are his own; he is mighty and splendid, broad and deep to those who love him; but in the England of Cecilia's day—the England that had not as yet wakened to find itself musical—his magic exercised itself over the few and not the many.

But of that little *gesellschaft* Cecilia surely was one: with hardly any knowledge, with nothing but her natural intuition and her deep love as a warrant, her soul claimed kinship with the great old master, and throbbed in answer to him. As she drank in the solemn, splendid pathetic strains her heart leaped up in joyful recognition and assent: she felt as she had never felt before, that music was the mistress to whom she must yield her life. This conviction came to her with the urgency of a pain that would not be ignored or subdued: all at once it became a dominant desire that never more would give her rest till she yielded it entire obedience. It was her call to the new life, and it had come to her not in song, but in the high and noble voice of the earnest and good maestro—dead these hundred years and more, yet speaking still.

Hugh had crept into the room softly behind Liddy, who only nodded silently to the Professor absorbed in his music. Cis never looked up at all, her eyes were vaguely following the player's hands as he pressed the keys with a masterly touch, and made them quiver as he would. Her thoughts had taken wing with the music, and were far away in a new and nobler world—a world where it is always springtime, full of blossom and bird melody, and an ever new and joyous uprising and growing life.

Hugh felt a subdued pang as he looked at her; he hardly heard, nor indeed, would he have understood the music which was to him but a more or less pleasant sound, but some finer instinct told him how it reached and affected her, and he felt, with an indescribable ache at his heart, that she

had passed beyond him: he had no open sesame to the world where she lingered entranced.

We know so little of ourselves that we can never tell when an egoistic desire will leap up full armed within us and make an imperious claim to be heard. Hugh felt with a new pain that he could not let Cecilia go. He almost hated the music that beguiled her: he wanted to be more to her than any delight. The strength of his feeling was a revelation to himself: it was as if he had been long nursing some wish in the dark that of a sudden took shape and sprang full grown into the light; it was a night of revelations; the music that had come to Cecilia with a kind of sacramental solemnity was to Hugh only a great and cruel evil—a calamity that set a whole impartial world between him and his desires. While she was bathing herself deep in new delights his imagination took a quick flight over the unseen future, filled for him with crowding images, and all his hopes, aims, ambitions, rushed in one current towards the end now for the first time clearly seen.

All this in a little moment of time; so quick and vivid is this inner life of ours, all this he saw, and lived, and felt, while yet the deep, precise minor strains filled the room, while Cis listened with parted lips and downcast eyes, while Liddy flitted about and watched the conscientious labour—sadly misapplied—with which Miss Bogie painted in garish wools a Pharaoh receiving a still more impossible Joseph, who would have made the oldest of old masters shudder. So does life play with us and toss us to and fro. While Liddy's happy, practical little mind had not risen above the necessity, mentally registered, of devoting the next day to a thorough dusting of the Professor's property, and Miss Bogie was working the whole duty of a single woman into the long lines of "grounding"—to Hugh and Cecilia the unseen had been revealed.

The player, whose music had gone so much deeper than he dreamed, working chords that would quiver when he was forgotten, ended with some deep, closing bars, and jumped up with alacrity from his stool to shake hands with Hugh. Cecilia, with a sigh, dropped into the seat he had vacated and turned over the sheets of music absently as if the very sight of the written signs had a joy for her.

"At last, you see, I have penetrated further than the threshold of your dignified *Schottland*," said Herr König, speaking with rapid vivacity in German. "I was an alien—an outcast—and in the house of the cousins I have found a home, for which I owe you a thousand thanks, my friend."

Hugh answered absently in the same tongue. He strove to say that his cousins owed more to the Professor than they could hope to repay, but his ideas were even less fluent than his German. His thoughts were all astray, and he was trying to marshal and order them—to recover his command of them once more.

He was not so mean and poor a creature that he could permanently shut out another's joy from his vision and demand sight only for his own. As his glance went vaguely past the Professor's head with its unruly mane of hair, it fell upon Cecilia, dreaming over the music sheets; there was a moment's hot conflict within, and then he said with urgency as if he were conquering his own distaste for speech at all:

"Have you heard my cousin Cecilia sing yet?" He spoke in English; his words sounded odd and strained to himself, and they seemed to fill the room. Cis looked up, her fair face flushing, and light coming into her absent eyes, as if she recognised the fact of Hugh's presence for the first time.

Herr König wheeled round and looked at Cecilia too, a little penetratingly, but kindly.

"If the Fräulein will sing to us, that will make us much pleasure," he said with his grand air. In truth, he had not greatly cared to hasten the moment—what he felt must be disappointment—the moment when he should discover that this young creature upon whose emotions he had played as on a harp, who had so true an instinct for what was



best in music:—this St Cecilia with the Titian-coloured hair, could yet sing like a cleverly imitative parrot.

He had no faith in any taste or teaching to be found in England. It was to him a musical Cremorne, debased, almost immoral, given over to the false till it did not know the true. She could, indeed, with her finer organisation, detect truth when he put it before her, but left to herself, would she not stray back to the old familiar ways where all her guidance had lain? Cecilia looked grave and troubled.

"I will sing if you wish it," she said. "I have very little art." To her, too, it was a great and solemn moment. Her heart beat faster when she thought how much it might decide.

The Professor adjusted his spectacles a little fiercely. He braced himself for a ditty by Virginia, Gabriel, or Claribel, one of those empty soulless nothings, that seem specially inspired by the English drawing-room, but Cecilia sang a very simple Scottish ballad, one of those plaintive, Jacobite airs, in which there is inwrought a world of hidden pathos.

She had one requisite of a true artist, she forgot herself in her art. Her voice had a magnet for her sisters that the Professor's music had lacked. Bach had no call for them, such as lay in her tender, hovering notes. Liddy drew near, and silently in the doorway Susan stood, still as any statue.

As the clear, pure voice rose and fell, vibrating with suppressed feeling as it wafted out a nation's lament, many pairs of eyes were fixed on Herr König, who leaned lightly on the end of the piano, with folded arms, his glances going over the singer's head. His face, in its perfect composure, told nothing at all, but he listened with an unbroken attention that was in itself a reassurance, since no mere warbler of Claribel ditties could have commanded it.

He allowed a full pause of silence after the final notes had died away, and Cis's rather tremulous chords had been played—a pause in which Liddy felt as if she hated him, and in which Hugh seemed to count his own heart-beats. Then he straightened himself, and looked at Cis, whose colour was coming and going with every breath.

"You have not had much teaching. No?" he asked abruptly.

"Very little. Some lessons from time to time, but never for long," she answered, simply.

"*Nun gut*," he waved a forefinger impatiently. "You can get no teaching here that will help you. Permit me, *Fraulein*." He approached the music-stool. "We shall try something with a wider range, something that goes higher and deeper." He turned over the music on the desk with a thoughtful face.

"There are some fine songs in that music I gave you, Cecilia;" it was Miss Bogie's voice coming from behind the embroidery frame. "The Italian airs *Tenducci* used to sing in the St Cecilia's Hall to a most select company."

But the Professor negatived this proposal with that expressive forefinger of his.

"We shall not desert our Schubert," he said. "You have heard me sing this, *Fraulein*. *Nun*—will you try it?"

"I will try it," she answered, gravely.

"*Gut*. You will think of something you wish for much. He is *anstrengend*, this poet of ours."

It was "*Ungeduld*" at which he had opened the book—song of songs, most passionate of love's protests. He preluded it with the gentle opening chords that hardly prepares you for its dramatic fervency, suiting it to her range; and as Cecilia's voice rose, a new soul seemed born in her. She forgot the faces round her, forgot time, place, her old shadowy fears; her own heart beat with "*vollem, heissem Drang*," as she poured out the triumphant refrain:

"*Dein ist mein Herz: dein ist mein Herz,  
Und soll es ewig, ewig bleiben.*"

The listeners, too, all but one of them, forgot the

singer in her song, as in all art that has any moral claim to be, they must.

"*Dein ist mein Herz*;" it was no earthly lover who drew out this rapture of devotion; it was the great and noble "*Frau Musika*" to whom she was consecrating her life.

Herr König let the music die slowly in his own last chords before he spoke, and then it was Susan not Cecilia whom he addressed. Susan, who had drawn near, and whose dark eyes were fixed on his with a question and a command in their depths.

He put out his hand, and took hers in a warm, kind grasp, understanding all she would ask.

"Your sister is an artist, *mein Fraulein*," he said. "She has the gift that heaven gives but to the few." His cordial tones expressed all that his words seemed to lack; but when he turned to Cis, in whose eyes the happy tears were rising, it was the master and not the admirer who spoke.

"But practise, practise, practise, *Fraulein*." His accent grew more insistent with each repetition. "We have much yet to learn, and some things to unlearn, and Art demands our all; she is a mistress who will have nothing less than our best."

Thus it was that Cecilia received her investiture, and became one of the guild who enrich the world with beauty. She was a Cecilia with a mission, now. It was a relief to all present when Liddy's light laughter broke the tension of their mood; Liddy who came and hugged the heroine of the moment and laughed because she didn't want to cry. Miss Bogie quitted her frame and came up too.

"I always said Cecilia would make something of her music if she had patience and perseverance," she remarked to Herr König. "I used to devote many hours to it myself, and some people thought me qualified to give an opinion."

The Professor accepted this corroboration of his judgment with the most beautiful temper: he was as pleased as one who finds gold when he had only looked for dross, and Susan's invitation to supper seemed only a fit tribute to the occasion.

It was when they were alone for a moment—when Liddy and Susan had gone off to spread the feast—that Hugh went up to his cousin and dropped a little key in her lap.

"Oh, Hugh," she said, and as she looked up some new feeling shadowed her face. "Is it right?" she asked, and her eyes had the old perplexity.

"Yes, my dear, yes, and the waiting has not been long." He closed her hand firmly over the key and turned away abruptly.

Was it right? He did not know, and he would not ask. He feared the urgency of his own desires.

## IX.

HUGH had been busy for some days with an unusual stress of college work, and his evening at Battle House was to have been his holiday reward, and now, somehow or other, the taste had all been taken out of it.

He was like a child who for weeks has counted the moments till the hour should dawn for some country fair or play, and who when the pleasure—so long a brilliant dream—is at last a reality, finds himself without money and has to stand aside, seeing others dancing and making merry among the crowding lights, while he is shut out with the darkness.

He could not, without being more churlish than he cared to be, refuse to stay to the little supper in celebration of Cis's new birth into the music world.

Liddy cut all his faint excuses short with one triumphant argument that was quite unanswerable.

"He told me he meant to do no work at all to-night," she said, "and he is only hesitating to make us think the more of his yielding; but we know better than that. Go if you like, Hugh. I dare say we can be glad about Cis without you."

"What is there to make such a fuss about?" said poor Hugh, whose discontent was now taking the

common form of opposition. "We all knew Cis could sing. We didn't need a German to tell us that."

"Oh, and so the Professor is nothing, is he?" remarked Liddy; "only a German! I should have thought, Hugh, you would have known a thorough musician, a pupil of Liszt and other swells, in spite of his nationality." She gave a subtle caricature of Hugh's own words in the earlier part of the evening.

"Well," said Hugh, nettled, as most of us are to be quoted frivolously, "I think I know his claims to distinction better than you do, Liddy; but I don't see why, simply because he corroborates our poor judgment, we need have a supper on the head of it."

"We must eat to live, even if we don't live to eat," laughed Liddy, growing goodnatured as he grew cross. "I suppose even you subscribe to that law. I wonder if that well-conducted, Charlotte who went on cutting bread and butter had a cousin Hugh to shake the table?"

Hugh stopped abruptly in his stormy walk up and down the room and looked half ashamed. He had come downstairs because he could bear no more music, or perhaps, more truly, because he could not bear to see Cis's absorption in it, and now instead of helping, he was only hindering Liddy's busy cares.

"There is one reason why we should make a feast of it, Hugh," she said, her April face growing soft and tender as she paused and looked up at him. "Herr König is going to give Cis lessons; I heard him talking to Susan about it, and Susan will let him, I know, because it would break Cis's heart, I think, if she was forbidden to sing now. I'm afraid we shall not be able to pay him just now, but he is a good man, and it isn't so difficult to take help from him as it would be from some others."

"Oh," said Hugh, with unwonted bitterness, "when a man has had the training of a *prima donna* he is repaid in many ways. That needn't hinder you from accepting his services."

"Hugh," said Liddy, with almost sorrowful reproach; "I thought you *liked* Cis; you were very good to her. I thought you, if anybody, would have been glad of anything that made her happier."

"Happiness isn't everything—I want what is best for her," he began, but he stopped with a sudden indrawing of his breath, for he knew that he wanted nothing so strongly at that moment as what seemed best for himself.

The general cheerfulness jarred on him; even the Professor's appetite was a trial, and Cis's dreaming face still bright with remembered music was almost an affront. The first shoots of the egoism which we call love in youth are hard to bear; it takes a long while to get used to this new pain; it is like a bruise that is always in the way of getting fresh knocks. There was nothing heroic in Hugh's sufferings: he was simply irritable, discontented, hurt,—jealous, perhaps, he hardly knew why.

The family gladness grated on his ear like a melody out of tune: he tried to tell himself that all this fuss and to-do was in ridiculous disproportion to the very small fact round which it played, but he knew as well as the others that it marked a new departure—an epoch in Cecilia's life.

He refused all the hospitable invitations to spend the night at Battle House, preferring the darkness and his own thoughts, or perhaps obeying the wholesome instinct of every young creature to walk down a trouble. When he had said his good-byes and was setting out, Liddy came flying after him, breathless and panting, with a little covered basket in her hand.

"Oh, Hugh," she said, "do you mind carrying this? Susan was making some jelly for a poor woman, a neighbour of ours who is ill, and I thought that sick lad you spoke of might be able to eat some. It will go quite safely if you carry it—"



so." She felt for his hand in the darkness and gave the basket into his care.

"You are a good little girl, Liddy," he said, touched by her simple kindness, and bending down to give her a brotherly kiss.

"I wish I could return the compliment," she said, with her gravest air, "but you have not been a good little boy. You have been very grumpy indeed, Don Dismallo, and you'd better come back soon and apologise."

Hugh's laugh followed, the little figure flying back towards the glimmering lights, and some of his ill-nature went with it. "Don Dismallo, indeed! Liddy's saucy image crossed his mental vision now and then as he ploughed his way through the mud. She came wholesomely across that picture that was painted in the background of his thoughts—that picture of his sailing joyously far out on the deep unplumbed sea, while he sat unheroically among the puddles on the shore.

Was it love, after all, that tore him with its pangs, or only creeping jealousy?

From the darkness of country solitudes he plunged into the brilliancy of gas-lit streets, full of the human bats and owls who shun the sunlight, and of tired and bored people returning from feasts. He passed quickly through them all, the homeless and the homegoing, and strode up the Mound, that took him directly to his own lodging. He had not meant to take Liddy's little gift to the sick foreigner till next day, but the sight of a small light that glowed and glimmered far up among the dusky shadows of the close, as if it aspired to climb to heaven and be a star, changed his purpose.

"The poor beggar is awake," he said to himself, as he steadily mounted flight after flight of dark, unsavoury-smelling stairs, and instead of turning into his own little corner of the big teeming house, he went past it and knocked at a door beyond.

At the "herein" that came very faintly from within, he entered a room that was scarcely barer than his own. Hugh was too well used to doing without to observe or miss the absence of many comforts, but a certain dreary unhomeliness pressed itself upon his notice. He did not quite know what was lacking till he went up to the poor, sick *musiker* tossing on his bed, and then he felt that it was a woman's hand that was missing.

"You are no better?" he asked.

"No better," moaned the lad, and Hugh knew it. He was shocked to see what giant strides disease had made since last he stood here—a few days ago—a week, was it? He had been busy, and so had Herr König; only to-night he had been talking of his young countryman with a vague regret, and yet as if there were plenty of time. König was coming to-morrow. To-morrow! Hugh, though he had little experience, knew that death must win this unequal race.

He drew a chair forward and sat down by the bed. He tried to keep the dismay out of his voice when he said a few words of greeting, but the sick lad was beyond noticing those fine shades of tone that belong to the time of hope. When the cough that had many times crossed Hugh's sound sleep as some half-formed dream stopped racking him for a moment, he seemed to wander, his fingers kept a feeble time on the blanket, he was playing once more in the orchestra, and the fresh rush of the violins—the great music in which his little music made a part—filled his dying ears.

Hugh felt acutely his own paralyzing helplessness; he longed intensely for Susan's brave sustaining activity, her woman's gentleness. She would know what to do. For a moment he thought of going for her and bringing her back, of summoning Herr König, whose assurance that he would come the next day he had almost resented an hour ago, but a glance at the sick man made him abandon all these plans almost before they took shape in his mind. Before help could come, the need for it might have ceased.

His great pity longed to translate itself into some deed. He crept to his own room and carried back

the handful of fire he had saved for night work; he fetched his greatcoat, too, and the blanket from his bed, and for the next hour he did little but combat the heats and chills that beset the sufferer in his last struggle with old mortality.

There could have been no experience given him that could so inexpressibly shame and belittle his own woes as this sudden face to face vision of approaching death. It shook him to the foundation of his being; it emptied him clean of his small frets and vanities and filled his mind to the exclusion of everything else. There is nothing that so lays its clutch on all our faculties and feelings as this seeing of another die; it has the supreme interest of the unknown—the great unknown that must needs yet come to us all. The life we all share in common has no tie for us like the death that is our common lot too; to have held the hand of the veriest beggar in his last agonizing is to have made a bond between him and you—a place for him in all your memories that love itself hardly makes.

Hugh never forgot his night watch by the side of this sick stranger—an alien in a foreign land, with no one of his own to whisper last consolations in a familiar tongue. The great house of which they shared only a topmost corner was a human hive of workers who go late to rest and take the day's beginnings betimes; for a while a sound of noisy feet and brawling voices came up dimly from the wynd, but by-and-bye even that ceased, and the profound hush of the few hours when sleep is absolute lay on everything.

Hugh felt himself wrapped about in silence and loneliness, and very far from human help. But that help would have availed little, even if by stretching out his hand he could have summoned it; the time for that was past, as he now recognised. There was nothing at all to be done. The only thing he could not do was to go away. He sat forward in his chair and felt a sort of fascination in looking at the poor young stranger—the boy who was presently going to have revealed to him what all the sleeping thousands round them did not know. He lay still and exhausted now, sleeping too, perhaps, and dreaming of beautiful and inspiring music. It was a young face on the pillow—a face that even in health could never have been beautiful in its washed-out tints, but that must always have been innocent and good. No doubt there was someone in the Fatherland who had had the power to make a soul in the light blue eyes; who had, perhaps, treasured a lock of the long flaxen hair tossed back from the damp brow. Hugh felt it cruel that the love of mother or sister should be so far off, and he, who knew nothing, should be left to this last watch alone.

As he sat in silent inaction, afraid to stir lest he should break that fitful rest, he thought of the first time he had seen this boy, now so strangely thrown on his compassion. He was a member of a foreign orchestra travelling from town to town under a distinguished leader, and in the train of a great singer, to enlighten and amuse England for the sake of England's gold. Hugh, who was reading hard in all his spare night hours, had at first found the fiddling, singing noisy visitors who swarmed in and out of his neighbour's garret an intolerable nuisance. Then gradually, he hardly knew how, something in their jovial Bohemianism attracted while yet it distracted him; the music they were always humming and strumming crept across the dry Latin page like an alluring whisper, and one night—he never quite knew how it came about—he found himself among them, made lightly welcome by them.

With his quick, ready sympathy, and his willingness to meet new experiences, he understood the whole position very soon. It was a merry, jesting crew, not too thoughtful, with many a light shaft for each other, and most of all for the young, solemn player on the drum, who was persuaded that the whole band would be dishonoured by an instant's inattention on his part.

Hugh remembered how he had laughed, thinking of Heme's drummer, and comparing him with this other young *musiker* who took his share in the overture with such deep seriousness and gravity. When he fell ill and was left behind, Hugh had kept up the habit of going to see him now and then to cheer him in his solitude. His comrades of the orchestra had gone off reluctantly; violins, cellos, wind-instruments—they had all vanished, carrying their music elsewhere, and some other had now the big drum in his keeping. Young Kleiner was to join them by-and-bye, when he was well again; that was understood; they subscribed a little sum for him out of their narrow means, and they left him in the good care of König, who was indeed a king among them, and who had sat down to besiege and take Edinburgh, and deliver it from the bonds of false music.

That was the whole story—very easily told, only instead of going back to his place under the foot-lights and to his beloved drum, young Kleiner was going to make and to hear much better music in another life than this, a life that is fairer than all our best fancies about it.

Hugh had laughed with the others over the young fellow's elaborate conscientiousness, but now, with the reckoning day close at hand, it did not seem to him so gay a jest; to play one's part, however humble, in the orchestra of life with all one's heart and soul bent to the duty—what better could any of us desire as the history of our day when the music is over and the lights going out?

Towards dawn the young German woke with the light of consciousness in his eyes. He looked about him vaguely, and then his glance fell on Hugh, and rested there.

Hugh bent forward eagerly.

"You know me, don't you?" he said. "Herr König will come soon"—he spoke in his slow, careful German—"when it is daylight."

A smile flickered over the wasted face. "He will bring his violin?" the boy asked.

"Yes," said Hugh, eager to promise anything that would keep the flicker of hope alive till the fellow-countryman should come. He would understand—he would say the last words that died on his own lips unspoken. "Yes," he repeated, "he will come and—and play to you again." But the lad's thoughts were not stayed now, even by the dream of the music that had so often cheered his days. His glance grew urgent as it went round the room again, and it once more fell on Hugh, this time with a questioning appeal.

"Yes, I understand," Hugh bent forward.

"What is it? Tell me if you can."

"That box," whispered poor Kleiner, labouredly.

"It is for Mina. It has her address—and the letters and the music, and the *andenken* from England—you will give it to her?"

"I will give it her with my own hands," he answered, earnestly. He did not know to what he was pledging himself—what this trust was that he accepted so gravely. It might be inconvenient, difficult, but that was nothing. In his great pity, he felt that, at any price, he must buy peace for this poor stranger's last moments.

The anxious look died out of the young German's eyes. He shook his head faintly when Hugh asked him if this were all, if there was nothing more he could do or say. The assurance satisfied him, or perhaps he was too weak to remember or understand.

But it was not enough for Hugh; his whole soul was shaken by one strong, urgent need; he could not wait for help. An awful dumbness seemed to seize him. He could think of nothing to say, of nothing that would reach the ears growing faint to every earthly sound. In his extremity he remembered the prayer that every Lutheran as well as every Scottish child very early learns to know. He knelt, and hid his face.

"Vater unser"—Our Father in heaven; slowly, clearly, in his faltering broken German, he uttered the familiar petitions that fell a long time ago from



the Master's own lips. He said the prayer as he had never said it for himself. Did it go up unheard? He could not tell; he hid his face. Death was dreadful still, but he saw beyond it now.

The dawn was broadening into day when he went at last into his own room to plunge his hot head into cold water before setting out to fetch Herr König. He had left young Kleiner in the care of a good woman neighbour, to whom he had gone when he had heard her stirring. She had taken up his watch with the compassion the poor have for the poor; but there was no more to be done. The lad had fallen into that last sleep that begins in this life and ends in the next, with no visible bridging of the way between.

Hugh stood a moment at his window, watching the miracle of the dawn, as it woke the sea and the far-off hills, and kissed the new day into rosy life. As he turned to go on his long walk, he noticed for the first time a letter on his table, which in his haste last night he must have overlooked. He knew the writing, and he could guess at its contents. A day ago how eagerly he would have torn it open, with what a beating heart he would have seen his future spreading and widening before him. But not now. He slid it into his pocket unread as he ran downstairs. The night and its strange solemnities were still with him; he could not think of himself.

[To be continued.]

## Evenings in the Orchestra.

By HECTOR BERLIOZ.

### NINTH EVENING.

*The Opéra in Paris. The Lyric Theatres in London. A Study of Morals.*

"Give me the London managers for turning time to account; the English have brought the art of hurried musical studies to a pitch of splendour unknown among other nations. I can give the method they pursue no more pompous praise than to say that it is the inverse of that adopted in Paris. On one side of the channel they need ten months to learn an opera in five acts, and put it upon the stage; on the other they need ten days. The important point for a manager of a lyric theatre in London is the posters. If he has only covered them with celebrated names, if he has announced celebrated works, or declared celebrated the obscure works of celebrated composers, bringing the whole strength of the press to bear upon that epithet . . . the trick is done. But as the public has an insatiable appetite for novelties, and as it is principally excited by curiosity, the player who wishes to win must shuffle his cards very often. Consequently the work must be done quickly, rather than well, extraordinarily quickly, even if rapidly is carried to absurdity. The manager knows that the audience will not notice mistakes in the execution, if they are adroitly covered up; that it will never take it into its head to detect the ravages made in a new score by a want of ensemble, and uncertainty in the masses, by their stiffness, by missed effects of light and shade, by wrong tempi, by slurred passages, and by nonsensical readings. He counts sufficiently upon the self-love of his singers to whom the parts are assigned, to be sure that they, at least, as they evidently do, will make superhuman efforts to appear honourably before the public, in spite of the short time that has been allowed them for preparation. That is in fact what happens, and that is enough. Nevertheless, there are occasions on which the most zealous actors cannot succeed, with all their good will. The first performance of the 'Prophète' at Covent Garden will be long remembered, in which Mario stopped short more than once, in consequence of insufficient time to learn his part. But then it is idle to say concerning the first representation of a new work: 'It is not learned, nothing goes well, we must have three more weeks' study!' 'Three weeks!' the manager would say, 'you will

not have three days; you will play it the day after to-morrow.'

"But, sir, there is a great ensemble piece, the most considerable one in the opera, of which the chorus have not seen a note yet; they cannot guess at it and improvise it on the stage."

"Then cut that piece out; there will be enough without it."

"Sir, there is a small rôle not yet distributed, and we have no one to fill it."

"Give it to Madame X— and let her learn it this evening."

"Madame X— is already cast for another rôle."

"Well, she can change dresses and play both. Do you suppose I am going to stop my theatre for such reasons?"

"Sir, the orchestra has not been able to rehearse the ballet-music yet."

"Let them play it without rehearsal! Come now, let me alone. The new opera is advertised for the day after to-morrow; the house is let, and it is all right."

"It is the fear of being distanced by their rivals, added to the daily necessity of covering an enormous outlay, that brings on this fever among managers, this *delirium furens*, from which art and artists have so much to suffer. The manager of a lyric theatre in London is a man who carries about with him a keg of powder, without being able to get rid of it; and is pursued by burning torches. The unhappy man runs as fast as his legs can carry him, tumbles, gets up, clears ravines, fences, brooks and bogs, overturns all that he meets, and would walk over the bodies of his father and children, if they were in his way."

"I recognise these to be sad necessities of the position; but what is most deplorable is that this brutal precipitation in all preparations for musical performances has become a habit in English theatres, and has been transformed by some people into a special talent worthy of admiration. 'We have got this opera up in fifteen days,' is said on one side."

"And we in ten!" is answered from the other.

"And you have made a pretty piece of work of it!" the composer would say, if he were present. The examples that are quoted of certain successes of this kind, show moreover that contempt for all those qualities essential to a performance to constitute it good, and even contempt for the necessities of art, are increasing. During the brief existence of the Grand English Opera at Drury Lane, in 1848, the manager, whose repertory was used up, not knowing what saint to call upon, said one day in perfect seriousness to the conductor of the orchestra: 'Only one thing is to be done, that is to give "Robert le Diable" next Wednesday. So we must get it up in six days!'

"All right," answered the conductor, 'and we will rest on the seventh. You have got the English translation of the opera?'

"No, but it will be done in a twinkling."

"The copy?"

"No, but . . ."

"The dresses?"

"No."

"Do the actors know the music of their parts? do the chorus know theirs?"

"No! no! no! nobody knows anything, I have not got anything, but it must be done!" And the conductor kept his countenance; he saw that the poor man was losing his head, or rather that he had lost it. Another time, this same manager, having conceived the idea of putting Donizetti's 'Linda di Chamounix' upon the stage, although he had not thought of getting the translation made, the actors and chorus having, as an extraordinary exception, had the time necessary to learn their parts, a general rehearsal was announced. The orchestra was assembled, the chorists were in their places, but still they waited for something.

"Well, why don't you begin?" said the manager.

"I ask for nothing better than to begin," answered the conductor of the orchestra, 'but there is no music on the desks.'

"What! I can't believe it! I will go and fetch it." He calls the head of the copying department, 'Hey! look here, hand round the music!'

"What music?"

"Oh! good God! the music of 'Linda di Chamounix.'"

"But I have not got it. Nobody ever ordered me to copy the orchestra parts of that work." Thereupon the musicians got up with great shouts of laughter, and asked leave to go, as the only thing that had been neglected for that opera was the music, which had not been got.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, let me interrupt myself, a minute. This story oppresses me, humiliates me, and calls up old memories. Besides, hear this delicious air which has lost its way and got amongst the balderdash of your Italian ballet. . . ."

"Oh! oh! yes!" cry all the violins, seizing their instruments, "we must play that like masters; it is masterly!" And the whole orchestra plays with irreproachable unanimity of expression, and delicacy of light and shade, this admirable *andante* which breathes forth the voluptuous poetry of Eastern fairyland. It is hardly concluded, when most of the musicians hasten to leave their desks, leaving two violins, a bass, the trombones, and the big drum to go on with the remainder of the ballet.

"We had noticed that bit before," says Winter, "and we counted on playing it *con amore*, only you nearly made us miss it."

"But where does it come from? who wrote it? where have you heard it?" asks Corsino.

"It comes from Paris; I heard it in the ballet of *la Peri*, the music of which was written by a German artist whose merit is equalled by his modesty, and whose name is Burgmüller."

"It is very beautiful! There is a divine languor about it!"

"It makes you dream of Mahomet's hours. This music comes at the entry of the *Peri*. If you could hear it with the *mise-en-scène* for which it is written, you would admire it still more. It is simply a master-piece."

Without remark the musicians simultaneously go to their desks and write the name of Burgmüller in pencil on that page of the orchestral parts on which the *andante* is.

I renew my melancholy recital.

"The directors of our Paris Opéra, among whose number have been men of intelligence and wit, have at all times been chosen from among those who loved music least and knew least about it. We have even had some who execrated it thoroughly. One of them said to me, to my face, that every score *twenty years* old was fit for the flames; that Beethoven was an old fool, whose works a handful of madmen affect to admire, but who, in reality, never wrote anything that was endurable."

The musicians, explosively: "!"

!! (and other unprintable exclamations.)

"Well-written music," said another, "is that which does not spoil anything in an opera."

"So it is not astonishing that such directors do not know how to set to work to make their immense musical machine go, and that they take every opportunity to treat so cavalierly those composers of whom they affect to be independent. Spontini, whose two masterpieces, 'La Vestale' and 'Cortez,' sufficed to keep up the repertory for twenty-five years, was at the end of his life actually laid upon the shelf in that theatre, and could not succeed in obtaining an audience from the director. Rossini would have the pleasure, if he were to come back to France, of seeing his score of 'Guillaume Tell' completely overhauled and reduced by a third. For a long time they played a half of the fourth act of 'Moïse' to his very face before the rising of the curtain on a ballet. Hence came that charming bit of repartee that is attributed to him: Meeting the director of the Opéra one day, the latter addressed him in these words: 'Well, my dear *Maestro*, we are to play the fourth act of your "Moïse" to-morrow."

"What! the whole of it?" replied Rossini.

"The performances and mutilations inflicted from time to time upon the 'Freyschutz' at the Opéra, have caused a veritable scandal, if not in Paris, where nobody is indignant at anything, at least in the rest of Europe, where Weber's masterpiece is admired."

"It is known with what insolent contempt Mozart was treated, towards the end of the last century, by the great men who then ruled over the *Académie Royale de Musique*."

"After having sent the little harpsichord player, who had the audacity to propose writing something for their theatre, quickly about his business, they yet promised him, as an indemnification and a special favour, to admit a short instrumental piece of his composition on the programme of one of the sacred concerts at the Opéra, and asked him to write it. Mozart soon finished his work, and made haste to bring it to the director."

"Some days afterwards, when the concert at which he was to have been heard was advertised, Mozart, not seeing his name on the programme, comes back anxiously to the administration. They make him wait a long time, as they always do, in the anteroom, where, fumbling about idly among a lot of old papers which were heaped up on the table, he finds—what?—his manuscript, which the



director had thrown down there! When he sees his Meccenas, *Alcantara* demands an explanation: "Your little symphony?" answers the director; "yes, that is it. There is no longer any time to give it to the copyist; I had forgotten it."

Ten or twelve years later, when Mozart had died immortal, the Paris Opéra felt itself called upon to give "Don Juan" and the "Magic Flute," but mutilated, begrimed, disfigured, travestied into infamous *pastiches* by wretches whose name it ought to be forbidden to pronounce. Such is our Opéra; such it has been, and such it will be.

(To be continued.)

## Accidentals.

Mr W. H. CUMMINGS has been appointed conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

OWING to the weak state of health of his wife (Madame Jenny Lind), Mr Otto Goldschmidt has resigned the post of musical director to the Bach Choir, held by him since its foundation in 1876. He will be succeeded next year by Dr C. Villiers Stanford.

The preliminary arrangements are announced for the Birmingham Festival, which will be held on the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th of August, under the usual Royal patronage. As hitherto, Birmingham eclipses all its provincial contemporaries in point of novelties, no fewer than seven new pieces having been composed or are now in course of composition, specially for this festival.

IN TAKING the musical programme in the prescribed order, we have Mendelssohn's favourite opening oratorio "Elijah" for the first (Tuesday) morning; and in the evening will follow a new cantata, "Sleeping Beauty," by Mr F. H. Cowen, a new symphony by Mr Ebenezer Prout, and a miscellaneous selection. On Wednesday morning will be given for the first time Gounod's much talked-of "Mors et Vita," and this will be repeated on the Friday night. On Wednesday evening will be given "Vale-Tide," a new cantata by Mr Thomas Anderson, to be followed by a miscellaneous selection. Thursday morning will be devoted to Handel's "Messiah," and in the evening another new cantata, "The Spectre's Bride," by Dvorák, an entirely new composition, written expressly for the Birmingham meeting, followed by Mr Gladstone's Latin translation of the hymn "Rock of Ages." On Friday morning another new oratorio, "The Three Holy Children," also composed for this festival by Dr Villiers Stanford, and Beethoven's choral sympathy, make up the programme.

THE engagements of principal vocalists include Madame Albani, Mrs Hutchinson, and Miss Anna Williams, sopranos; Madame Paley and Madame Trebelli, contraltos; Mr E. Lloyd, Mr Wade, and Mr Maas, tenors; and Mr Santley, Mr F. King, Mr Watkin Mills, and Signor Foli, basses. A string band of about 130 performers will be led by Señor Sarasate, and Herr Hans Richter as conductor, succeeding the late Sir M. Costa, has already introduced himself to the Birmingham chorus, which numbers a total of nearly 400 voices.

MISS EISSLER, the youthful and talented violinist, has received the following letter, accompanied by a handsome diamond ring, from the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh:

CLARENCE HOUSE, ST JAMES'S, S.W.  
May 23, 1885.

Dear Miss Eissler,—I am desired by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh to ask your acceptance of the accompanying little souvenir of the pleasure you afforded their Royal Highnesses on the occasion of the soirée at Clarence House.—Believe me, yours truly, G. C. CAMBRIDGE.

THE morning of the funeral of Brinley Richards was bright, and a cool breeze was blowing. The year's young light, active in the green glades of the neighbouring Holland Park, contrasted strangely with the mournful cortege, conveying this master of melodies to the silent tomb, but not, one is glad to believe, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey." The name of Brinley Richards will live in the records, not only of Cambrian song, but also of those of

all the English speaking countries of the world. Around his grave gathered a large company. The Right Hon. Osborne Morgan (Judge-Advocate General), Mr Henry Richard, M.P., Mr Richard Davies, M.P., along with Sir George Macfarren, and a host of Great Britain's Professors of Music were there. But Welsh voices and Welsh tongues breathed forth from among the green trees and myriads of marble tombs by the side of the open grave of Brinley Richards. Music is an universal language, and the English vocalists, whose tongues could not articulate Cymric words, knew their purport, and joined in the solemn and tender strains.

AN important musical enterprise is announced. A new oratorio choir of 350 voices is being formed in London, Messrs. Noyello being the capitalists and Mr A. C. Mackenzie the conductor. The following is the splendid repertory of the first season: Beethoven's "Missa Solennis," Gounod's "Death and Life," and "Redemption," Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride" and "Stabat Mater," and Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon."

"WHAT is that, Jeremiah?" "It's a fiddle I've brought home, my dear. But you can't play on it!" "I know it, Martha, but I am going to learn." "What is the railroad fare from Pittsburgh to Indiana, Jeremiah?" "I'm sure I don't know, Martha; what do you want to know that for?" "They say divorces are cheap out there."

THE following is a copy of a characteristic letter from the late Sir Julius Benedict, dated so recently as 22nd May, accepting the honorary membership of the Glasgow Society of Musicians:—

MANCHESTER SQUARE,  
LONDON, 22nd May 1885.

Dear Mr Robertson,—Many thanks for your kind letter. I shall be happy to join my illustrious colleagues in becoming an honorary member of the Glasgow Society of Musicians, though my music has been regularly tabooed in your good city for something like 20 or 25 years. I suppose—for curiosity's sake—an antediluvian composer and pianist may be acceptable as long as he and his music remain at the respectable distance of 400 miles.—I am, yours very faithfully,

JULIUS BENEDICT.

J. A. Robertson, Esq., Glasgow.

ONE of the curiosities of the Inventions is a "press proof" returned for printing by M. Gounod. It is not quite clear what is wrong—but something has gone awry; and the mighty Frenchman in his rage writes indignantly on the top, in blood-red ink, "What does all this mean?" What, indeed! It is hard to say, exactly; but it appears that one or two crotchet stems and quaver-tails have been omitted by the compositor, and M. Gounod is wroth. Another incident has occurred in the same proof. The words are in Latin; and the printer's reader has "queried" the case-ending of one of the words. On this M. Gounod forwards a little note—which the exhibitors have pinned on the proof—in which the writer argues his point, gives his reading of the sentence, and maintains that he is right.

IT is stated in the *Inventor's Journal* that a patent has been taken out by Mr E. Inghold Inghoyd, Chapeltown Road, Leeds, and Mr C. W. Richardson, architect, Wakefield, "for an easier method of transposing music played upon any instrument having a keyboard." The patentees claim to have discovered a method which by an easy and almost instantaneous adjustment of certain portions of the piano or other instrument, will enable a performer to transpose any piece of music at his pleasure.

UNDER the title "Workers and their Work," the *Daily News* records an interview with Mme. Nilsson. A very slight acquaintance with Mme. Nilsson discloses that, in addition to her beautiful voice, she possesses three characteristic features, indicating to persons who need not be skilled in physiognomy or palmistry, the salient points of that remarkable individuality which can earn and lose one fortune after another, and begin again with courage and hopefulness, as well as charity towards others, completely unimpaired. Under the crisp, short curls of fair hair is a marvellous brow, broad, low, and white, giving a distinctly thoughtful character to the face, intensified by the great, serious blue eyes which look calmly out from under it with an "equal-to-either-fortune" expression. The third and most individual feature

is the hand, neither childishly small, boneless and nerveless, nor large and coarse, but a well-proportioned, handsome, capable-looking hand—evidently the hand of a person who can do something valid.

It is among persons unacquainted with the Norwegian language a moot point whether it is most delightful to converse with Madame Nilsson in French or English. She habitually writes in French, but her colloquial English is as singularly terse and well chosen as her manner of speaking is earnest and vivid. Madame Nilsson was asked whether in all her comings and goings between England, France, and America she has still preserved the old violin, while playing which at the fair of Ljunghy, she secured the attention of Mr. Torshelheim, who found her a protectress in the Baroness Leuhusen, at the age of thirteen. "I always keep my old violin. I should like to play the violin every day; but I am told the cramped attitude and powerful vibration might affect my singing in the evening. I love the violin for itself, and also because it reminds me of my childhood among the country people of Wæderof."

MADAME NILSSON thinks that literary men, when they allude to what they are pleased to call the enormous gains of prime donne, do not take into account that the work requires not only several qualities, which they are kind enough to exaggerate, but one they are apt to under-rate or ignore. Firstly, there must be the voice; next, what is called talent or natural aptitude; and next, intense, tenacious, perpetual industry. But all these fully-recognized faculties are downright useless if one is not strong and healthy—physically strong enough to sing through a long and trying opera, as well as to endure the wear and tear of daily practice. It is said of journalists that they are strong men, because all the weak ones die. Singers must be even stronger, for, besides the heats and chills, suffocation and draughts, they go through actual physical exertion of a very exhausting kind. They must be exceptionally strong physically—strong as a "navy" or a cart-horse is strong.

DRUDGERY is, Madame Nilsson holds, absolutely imperative for the singer. If the voice is neglected for two or three days, it is very apt to play tricks when called upon to do its work. It is no exaggeration to say that the singer must live for art alone. "For example," says Madame Nilsson, "I am fond of playing the violin. I am not allowed to play it. It delights me to ride on horseback. I am restricted to driving. I enjoy society, especially that of brother artists, very keenly. I am obliged to go to bed as early as possible after singing, and even on 'off-nights' am ordered to retire as early as convenient after dinner. You see, the voice and the spirit must be fresh in the early morning for practice, so as to give space for rest and a drive in the open air before singing in the afternoon or evening. The life of a singer is made up of hard work, care, and self-denial—so far as I know—the absolute conditions of achieving and sustaining a high professional reputation. One lives as it were in a glass case."

THE *World* has published a sketch of Madame Marie Roze at home. Describing the surroundings of Hawthorn Lodge, Finchley Road, the writer notices two official documents, which, in their modest ebony frames, mark two of the great epochs in Marie Roze's eventful life. The first is the diploma of the Conservatoire Impérial de Musique, which certifies that just 20 years ago she gained the almost unique distinction of the first prize both for singing and acting; while, in the second, a weeping Fatherland, in the days of its disaster, tenders her its grateful thanks "en raison des services exceptionnels qu'elle a rendus en fait de bienfaisance." As you enter the drawing-room your eye lights at once on De Neuville's delicious water-colour sketch of Marie Roze in shepherd's dress (the shepherd of Arcadia bien entendu), reciting André Chénier's "La Liberté" for the benefit of the suffering poor of her beloved Paris during its siege. In the white mount which surrounds it is embedded the gold medal which, on the 22d November 1870, "les enfants d'adoption du 3me arrondissement" awarded to their brave and warm-hearted compatriot.

MADAME ROZE's autograph book shows how much intricate correspondence must precede a professional appearance before the Queen, and affords an opportunity to admire the epistolary adroitness of Sir Henry Ponsonby, the laconic telegram-like style of the Duke of Edinburgh, the grateful eulogies of the San Francisco millionaires



(Marie Roze gave seven or eight concerts for and in the midst of the yellow-fever stricken inhabitants of New Orleans in 1878), the *bonne camaraderie* of Sarah Bernhardt to "ma chère charmante artiste," the poetical tributes of Longfellow, the kindly feeling of Sims Reeves, Hallé, the veteran composer Auber, Gounod, Rossini, Ambroise Thomas, Nilsson, Tietjens, Pauline, Lucca, Patti, Henry Irving, Lord Dunsany, and Mr Gladstone, who in the throes of a Cabinet crisis writes to her with his own hand an invitation to breakfast, filling four pages, and touchingly expresses his heartfelt regret that "my evenings, like your own, are much engaged."

ON one occasion Maria Roze appeared at the Downing Street breakfast-table adorned with that unobtrusive flower which in our days has suddenly found itself famous as the sacred emblem of Tory democracy. She had been innocently forgetful that it was Primrose Day and that one has to be circumspect in the matter of spring flowers when calling on Premiers.

HERR EDUARD STRAUSS who has come from Vienna for one month—to play at the Inventions for a fee of £6000—is the youngest of three brothers, all sons of the famous Strauss, whose incomparable dance music took the whole of dancing Europe by storm forty years and more ago. Johann Strauss, the elder brother, created a considerable sensation at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts some fifteen years since by the wonderful control he got over the band, drilling it to the varied and eccentric time and accent suitable to the Strauss compositions. Eduard is said to inherit a full measure of the family ability. He was born at Vienna in 1835, so is just fifty, and in the prime of his musical career. Though not originally destined for music, he took to it by an irresistible impulse. In 1865 he succeeded his brother at the St Petersburg concerts, and in 1870 he directed the music for the Court balls. He is now regularly engaged in Germany, and his Volks-garten concerts are by far the most popular of their kind.

THE origin of Viennese dance music rests chiefly with Lanner and Strauss—the former a solitary individual, amongst whose relations his talent was not handed down; the latter representing an entire family. It is not everybody who knows out of what wonderfully small beginnings the fortunes of these monarchs of the dance have grown. Lanner, and Strauss the elder, commenced with very humble surroundings in merry old Vienna. Lanner, accompanied by his brothers, played in inns and pleasure gardens, and also in front of the Jüngling's coffee house, near the "Schlagbrücke," in the Leopoldstadt. The trio became every day better known and more appreciated; whilst the collection plate, formed out of a bent sheet of music, with which they went round during the pause, presented an increasingly satisfactory result.

STRAUSS, who was intended by his friends to learn the art of bookbinding, ran away from his master, and, driven by his musical genius, joined Pamer's orchestra; however, he very soon quitted that, offering himself to the Lanner trio, by whom he was received with open arms. The fame of the four young violinists spread rapidly all over Vienna, and their compositions attracted great attention; in the course of time the quartette increased to an orchestra, in which both Lanner and Strauss took an equally prominent part, and subsequently the one orchestra was formed into two, which enjoyed an equal share of popular estimation. Each of the leaders occupied a throne of his own—the Walzer Koenig Josef Lanner, the Walzer Koenig Johann Strauss. The great question of the day, which is the greater, Lanner or Strauss? was answered by the Viennese in part during the lifetime of the two rival monarchs. Lanner appealed more to their feelings; to Strauss' music they could dance a quicker measure; Lanner's waltzes were to them songs; those of Strauss mere pleasant dance rhythms. Lanner remained body and soul, Viennese, in the place of his birth; Strauss was cosmopolitan and undertook long art journeys.

STRAUSS' three sons trod in his steps as composers of dance music.—Johann during the life of his father. Josef Strauss, whose charming compositions possess great grace combined with a shade of reverie and melancholy, was snatched away from his calling all too soon, on July 20, 1870. The present actual representative of the name of Strauss, in the service of Terpsichore, is Edward Strauss,

who has this month been the best observed musician of the day.

MR GORING THOMAS' last opera has a title which one may stumble over both in speech and writing without blushing for ignorance. The following operas, "Eugene Onegin," "Nishegorodzy," and "Snegoritschka," said to have been given recently in St Petersburg, may be mentioned as a fairly good substitute for snuff.

AT the recent General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, overtures were heard from the Synod of Ross and Presbytery of Tain, calling for the reversal of the decision of the last two Assemblies allowing instrumental music. Major M'Leod, elder, Dalkeith, said the organ was an idol, and to adopt it in God's worship was to make themselves partial idolaters. They were told in the Bible that the dead could not praise God; was an organ living? A friend of his went into a Free Church in Elgin where there was an organ, to see what effect it had. An overture was to be played, and the organist put down his hands to begin, but somehow or other the organ had got some disease of the heart and would not speak. The organist tried again, but it was speedless, for the boy who worked the bellows had fallen asleep. The Tartan, who had no religion, had got hold of an idea that they should pray without ceasing, and fixed on a windmill that would make a great noise and always pray for them. What was the difference between praying to God with a windmill and praising him with an organ? The Assembly held that there was a difference by a vote of 166 to 66.

MAURICE STRAKOSCH, the indefatigable *impresario*, is in London in search of *prime donne*. Already M. Strakosch has concluded an engagement with Madame Nilsson for a grand concert tour in Scandinavia and Germany, to commence in the month of August. Madame Nilsson will leave town immediately after the Balfé Testimonial concert.

THE London branch of the United Richard Wagner Society opened its second season with a *conversazione* at Messrs Dowdeswell & Dowdeswell's Art Galleries in Bond Street, the other evening. Excerpts from Wagner's works contributed by that skilful pianist, Mr Walter Bache, and other artists, under the direction of Mr G. Dalgety Henderson, added greatly to the attractions of the entertainment. Mr Charles Dowdeswell's lecture on "Parsifal," with vocal and instrumental illustrations, was given on June 5th.

HERR HERMAN FRANKE has for some years past played an important part in London musical life, and one that entitles him to gratitude, which, alas, is too often the only reward of musical enterprises. The recent failure of his "Guarantee Fund" deprived us this season of opera in German, and although this deprivation may be only temporary, it is one which all musicians may well deplore.

SOME biographical details which have just reached us show the energetic character of Herr Franke's career. He was born in 1848, and at the age of eleven, already played in the orchestra of his father, August Franke, as violinist. In 1864 Herr Franke was chosen for a vacant violin chair in the orchestra of the Dresden Royal Opera over the heads of thirteen other candidates. He afterwards studied under Joachim at Berlin, and in 1871 accepted an engagement to conduct string quartettes from Count Hochberg, a great patron of the art. Herr Franke made a musical tour throughout Germany in this capacity, and in the sequel accepted the leadership of the band at the Hamburg Opera. He resigned this post, however, at the end of a year, and came to London, where his good works are well known. His services to Wagner in securing for him a gigantic band for the Festival held at the Royal Albert Hall in 1877 will not be forgotten; and his general work in promoting Wagner's music has been of the most valuable kind.

MR LAZARUS gave a morning concert on June 5th at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, assisted by well-known artists. The Duke has been known previously as one of the few English noblemen who recognised the part of the wealthy in the encouragement of art, having maintained a small body of instrumentalists. How much might be done for music by imitating the better side of the Esterhazy life!

## Foreign Notes.

WAGNER's heirs have given £350 for 70 letters from the composer of *Parsifal* to his friend, Theodor Uhlig. WAGNER's "Rheingold" was recently performed at the Theatre-Royal, Hanover, for the first time.

A CYCLE of Mozart's operas was given at Leipzig from the 5th to the 15th of May.

THE Russian Prince Skouloff is making a tour, as a violinist, in Denmark. This promises a new sensation in the concert-room.

HERR POLLINI, manager of the Stadttheater, Hamburg, has been created by the King of Belgium a knight of the Order of Leopold.

It is proposed to have a "Cyclo" of Meyerbeer performances next winter at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. The Wagnerians will probably think this the best method of demonstrating the effectlessness of Meyerbeer's art.

THE autograph MS. of Felicien David's "Christophe Colomb" was lately purchased for the library of the Paris Conservatory, the work having been performed for the first time in the concert room of that institution in the year 1847.

THE Empress of Russia, has presented Jean Vogt, of Berlin, with a diamond pin in return for the dedication to her of his pianoforte composition for four hands, "Kosakenlieder." After this need one exclaim, "a pin for immortality."

In a characteristic letter to M. Colonne of Paris, Dr Hans von Bülow expresses his gratitude in being permitted to realise his dream—cherished during the trifling period of a quarter of a century—of appearing once in his life among Parisians in a less modest capacity than that of simple witness of the disaster which befel Tannhäuser at the Grand Opera.

ACCORDING to Bülow, the French conductor is a real orchestral conductor by the grace of God. There is only one proceeding of M. Colonne which endangers his infallibility. He has designated Bülow one of the largest subscribers to the Berlioz monument. "Surely that is impossible," exclaims Bülow; and to save his dear colleague from being contradicted he begs him to add "the enclosed thousand franc bank note to my first offering of three years ago towards the glorification of the antipodes of Jacques Offenbach." Bülow can be as graceful in his generosity, as he is caustic in criticism.

A COMMEMORATIVE tablet affixed to the house in Baden in which Mozart composed his "Ave Verum" was unveiled a short time since with befitting solemnity. It bears the following inscription: "It was in this house that Amadeus Wolfgang Mozart composed, in 1791, his immortal 'Ave Verum.'" There is, also, a bronze medallion of the composer let into the tablet. Various compositions by Mozart were sung, and several speeches made, on the occasion.

THE Corporation of Cologne have purchased the collection, contained in 30 volumes, of the letters addressed by various individuals to Ferdinand Hiller, and by him considered worth preserving. In conformity with a clause of Hiller's will, however, their contents cannot be made known for twenty-five years.

THE tablet affixed to Beethoven's house at Heiligenstadt was unveiled on the 31st inst., and bears this inscription: "Ludwig van Beethoven resided here in the first decade of the present century. This stone was put up in the spring of 1885." All the expense incurred for the tablet has been defrayed by the members of the Beethoven Men's Choral Association, Vienna, who regard what they have done merely as a preliminary to the execution of their long cherished project—the foundation of a Beethoven Museum.



THE bicentenary of Handel and Bach has been celebrated in Basel. The programme of the first day contained Bach's great "Matthew Passion," whilst the second day was dedicated to Handel's "Alexander's Feast," besides selections from "Samson" and "Julius Caesar." Well-known singers from Breslau and Frankfurt (among them Professor Stockhausen) were engaged as soloists, but the chief honours of these splendid performances are due to the Basel Singing Society and the local orchestra, under the leadership of Prof. A. Volkland, a musician of the highest merit, and founder of the Bach Society.

AT the close of the "Hummel" concert at Pressburg in April last Rubinstein gave Liszt's "Valse Impromptu" and a "Concert Study" as *encores*. The aged Meister sat near the stage, within a few feet of the player, and in full view of the audience. It was a highly interesting study to watch Liszt's face during the performance of these two pieces. Radiant with pleasure he followed the artist through the various moods and caprices of the music. Not a note escaped him; not a good point was made that did not elicit a smile of approval, a nod of appreciation that spoke more eloquently than words. "Ah, that was cleverly done." "Bravo!" "Anton, du bist ein Teufels-Kerl." Rubinstein finished, received the homage of Liszt, and in passing off the stage the multitude shouted *Eljen!* with one voice.

AT the banquet which followed, numerous toasts were given. The first was to Rubinstein, "the great master in the realm of tones, in whose honour we are here assembled," to which the hero of the evening responded in a most happy vein, bringing a counter toast, in which he compared himself with a common soldier, and wound up by asking all to join him in drinking to the health of the Field-Marshal. His last words, "Der Feldmarschall lebe hoch!" produced an indescribably electric effect. Amid general excitement, *jubel*, clinking of glasses and never-ending cries of *Eljen!* the goblets were drained to the health of the incomparable master of them all—Liszt.

A POSTHUMOUS work by the Russian composer, Glinka, is shortly to be published in Moscow. This "Trio pathetic" is written for clarinet, bassoon, and piano, a somewhat unusual combination of instruments, and consists of four movements, Allegro moderato, Scherzo, Largo, and Allegro con spirito.

A SOCIETY has been formed in Russia with the humane object of aiding poor musicians in various ways. Needy brethren are to be assisted with money gifts and employment, concerts will be given and music schools founded; further, the society proposes having a library and an asylum for invalid musicians. Tschalkowsky is one of the founders.

## Echoes.

### Brighton.

THE Brixton Vocal Union gave their final concert of the season in the Gresham Hall, Brixton, on Monday evening the 8th inst., when the works selected were Handel's "Acis and Galatea" and Bennett's "May Queen." The choir and orchestra, numbering over 100, were under the baton of Mr T. W. Morell. The soloists were Miss Swinfen, Miss Medland, G.S.M., Mr H. Yates, Mr Crawley, and Mr Thornton Colvin. Mr A. J. Crabb presided at the organ. The post of leader was occupied by Mr H. Savidge, while Mr Spencer was principal second. The cornet solos were undertaken by Mr J. Gardener.

### Dublin.

MR Henry Beaumont's departure from Dublin to join the Carl Rosa Opera Company was made the occasion of a complimentary concert in which Miss Adelaide Mullen, Miss Mary Russell, Mrs Harte, Messrs Edmond Oldham and Charles Kelly, and Herren Laueren and Rudersdorff took part. Mr W. A. Collison conducted. The singing of Mr Beaumont during the evening was received with prolonged applause at each number, and in the song, "When other lips," he showed an amount of purity and expression that augurs well for his future under Mr Carl Rosa. One of the features of the evening was the rendering of Beethoven's trio in G for violin, cello, and piano. At the latter instrument Mr Collison's powers were amply

shown. Miss Mullen's singing also deserves a passing note, her round and flexible voice, added to an intelligent style, winning the instant sympathy of the audience. The concert, as a whole, was a most successful one, and satisfied alike musical requirements and the feelings prompted by the honourable leave-taking of one of Dublin's favourite singers.

### Edinburgh.

THE report of the Choral Union Executive Committee on the concert scheme of the past winter, which was read by Mr Ralph Marshall, the secretary, and approved at a meeting of guarantors and subscribers, held on the 29th ult., shows a loss on the series of about £100,—the expenditure including £2328 for artists' salaries, &c., having been £2941, and the income £2837. The last figure is considerably less than the amount received during the previous season, notwithstanding an increase of prices rendered necessary by the reduction of the number of available seats in the Music Hall on the score of safety and comfort. The hall, it is stated, holds only about 1400 people under the new arrangement, and the committee have expressed a desire—in which the many lovers of orchestral music in Edinburgh heartily concur with them—for increase of accommodation. If this were got, doubtless the larger attendance of the public who are now crowded out of the cheaper seats would render the risk which the guarantors annually run on their behalf with no expectation of monetary profit a merely nominal one. The loss of the year is met by the surplus accumulated from former years, so that the guarantee fund need not be drawn upon. It is expected that next year Mr Manns will again conduct the orchestral concerts of the Union, and that Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon" will be produced in his native town under the composer's direction.

MR Waddell's violin pupils made an extremely creditable public appearance on the 2d inst. An orchestra of about twenty-five strong was formed, with some help in the shape of basses, and the rendering of such music as Hadyn's No. 1 Symphony, and the Entr'acte from Schubert's "Rosamund" showed that the pupils had been trained to advantage, and should, collectively and individually, be heard of again. Miss M'Gregor especially promises to become an accomplished player. The whole recital gave manifest enjoyment.

ON 26th ult., the St Andrew Amateur Orchestra, whose proceedings are managed with considerable spirit by Mr J. C. Paton, assisted at a concert in aid of the Royal Blind Asylum and School in the Music Hall. Two movements of a symphony and three overtures were rendered with distinct success. A cello by Mr Paton showed the high measure of artistic power he is attaining. The vocal element was supplied by Miss Noble and Mr Millar Craig, in the style of assured excellence the public has learned to expect from them, and a selection of violin solos by the clever young player Miss Nettie Carpenter, proved much to the liking of the audience.

SIGNORA Fabroni's concert on the 26th ult. was made a most interesting one by the co-operation of Mr Kirkhope's choir and a number of cultured amateurs. A motet by Gounod, rendered by the choir in a thoroughly finished way, constituted the chief of many charms in the concert. Herr Gallrein's cello was heard to admiration, and two selections for the harp by Signora Fabroni were received with interest.

THE announcement has just been made that arrangements are completed for the giving of a series of concerts by Herr Richter's orchestra in Scotland in the autumn.

### Leeds.

MR Edgar Haddock (violinist) and Mr Fred. Dawson (pianist) purpose giving next season a series of musical evenings for the performance of violin and pianoforte works, ten of which will be given during the months of October, November, and December. The programme each evening will include a grand sonata for pianoforte and violin, a violin solo, a pianoforte solo, and a duet for the two instruments. The sonatas will comprise those by Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, Gade, Brahms, Dvorak, Rubinstein, Raff, &c. Beethoven's solo-sonatas for the pianoforte will also be given, together with compositions of the modern school; while the violin works will draw on such names as Veracini, Locatelli, Leclair, &c., many of which works have hitherto been unknown in this country. By this means the whole of the giant masterpieces for both instruments will, in time, be presented to the Leeds public.

### Lichfield.

A special service was held in Holy Trinity Church, Heath Town, when the new organ, which has been placed in the edifice at a cost of over £700, was dedicated by the bishop of Lichfield. At the close of the service Mr J. B. Lott, Mus. Bac., etc., played the following pieces with much effect:—Organ Concerto in D minor (Handel); Allegretto in F (F. J. Read); Allegretto Moderato in C (Smart); Andante in F (Grisson); Choral, "Vater unser in Himmelsreich," Fugue in D minor (Bach); Adagio in E (Merkel); Allegretto in B flat, and Marche Triomphale (Lemmens).

### Peterborough.

THE second Triennial Oratorio Services were held in Peterborough Cathedral on Thursday, June 4th, and were, musically, a great success. The works given were Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "Hymn of Praise," and Spohr's "Last Judgment." The conductor was the organist of the cathedral, Dr Haydn Keeton, and the band and chorus numbered over 200. Miss Anna Williams, Miss M. Mackenzie, Mr Kenningham (London), and Mr E. Dunkerton (Lincoln), and Mr Thurley Beale, were the principal singers; the orchestra comprised forty instrumentalists, chiefly from London and Birmingham, being led by Mr A. Burnett. The afternoon was devoted to the rendering of "Elijah"—Dr Bridge of Westminster Abbey, presiding at the organ. In the evening Spohr's "Last Judgment" was given, the highly dramatic music being finely interpreted. The "Hymn of Praise" followed. After a most impressive rendering of the symphony it was announced that, in consequence of the late hour, only two numbers could be performed, viz., "I waited for the Lord," and "Ye Nations." The proceeds were to be devoted to the Cathedral Restoration Fund.

### Reading.

THE Reading Orpheus Society gave its second subscribers' night for the season, on Thursday, the 28th ult. in the New Town Hall. The part singing was admirably managed, under the skilful *Adon* of Mr F. J. Read, Mus. Bac., the nuances of expression being excellently obtained. Two new compositions written for the Society—a madrigal by Mr Read, "Go, lovely rose," and a part-song, "When the sun sinks," by Mr S. C. Cooke, formed interesting items. Miss Marianne Fenna was heard to great advantage in the cavatina, "O luci di quest'anima" (Donizetti); she also sang "Was it for this" (Wellington), and Bishop's "Tell me my heart." Herr Emil Mahr created a most favourable impression by his masterly rendering of "Adagio-Concerto IX." (Spohr), and "Spanish Dances" (Moszkowski). Mr C. H. Sippell, R.A.M., who accompanied with great taste and skill, also played, in good style, Andante and Capriccioso in E (Mendelssohn). Mr Read played an organ solo, Air, varied (Mozart); and the careful rendering of Paxton's "How sweet, how fresh," by Messrs Bilson, Allen, Holloway, and Knill, excited some enthusiasm. This concert brings the present season to a close.

### Yarmouth.

ON Monday 26th, a further organ recital was given by Mr H. Stonex, at the parish church, in aid of the fund for the completion of the organ. There was a good attendance, and the congregation listened with evident pleasure. The programme was as follows:—Offertoire in E, No. 44 (Batiste); Reverie Cantabile in D (Jordan); Andantino in G (Bunnett); Andante Expressivo in A flat (Sparke); Allegro Moderato in A, No. 4 (Smart); Fugue in D minor, ("The Giant"), (Bach); Evening prayer in A; Pastorale in A (Guilmant); Festive March in D (Smart).

[These concert notices being either collated from the Press, or supplied by correspondents, no responsibility for statements is accepted. Secretaries or concert-directors are invited to submit details of concerts.]

MUSIC, in its mode of expression, is intelligible, not to the musician alone, but to the common sense of all; nor is there any fundamental difference between the music of a popular ballad, of a fugue by Bach, or of a symphony by Beethoven. Although the more intricate composition may be easily intelligible, the means of expression are in every case the same, and speak to us in a language which requires neither alphabet nor grammar, no matter how simple or how complicated the music before us.—HAUPMANN.

IT is our feelings above all that are first and immediately affected by music.—WEBER.



## Music in Boston.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

THE musical season here, as indeed in the other principal cities of America, is in its death throes. The club concerts and the symphony concerts are over, and the aftermath of chamber concerts, pupils' exhibitions, scratch benefit affairs, of which there are enough in America at this season to serve for the rest of the civilised world, only goad one into taking printed notice of them if one is weak enough to attend them. As I have recently cultivated a strong faculty for abstinence in that respect, what there is for me to send you this month will not occupy much more room than it deserves. The only important concerts here are the Orchestral Series conducted by Mr Neuendorff, in which a praiseworthy effort is being made to cater to a less advanced taste than that which is fostered by Mr Gericke's Symphony Concerts. The audiences are increasing each week, and success has evidently perched upon the enterprise. The principal club of Boston—the Mendelssohn Quintette Club—is off on a western tour. They recently played at Omaha, Nebraska, and St Joseph, Missouri, with much success. Fritz Giese, who is one of the finest 'cellists I have heard—certainly the finest in this country—is the principal attraction. Theodore Thomas and his orchestra, with Materna, Fursch-Madi, Clapper, Juch, and Max Heinrich are also on western circuit. This is a tolerably expensive organisation to move about, and it is not surprising to find that at Cincinnati the concerts were not financially successful. The same result is reported from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, while grumbles not loud but deep come from Louisville, Kentucky, because Mr Thomas' enthusiasm seemed to be temporarily under a cloud, and the mighty dollar element seemed to outshine the artistic at the concerts there. At Washington, however, Mr Thomas was received in a worthy manner, and the concerts there were quite successful, albeit Materna did not "fetch" in her customary manner. On the evening after the Thomas Concerts, Miss Emma Thursby and Mme. Helen Hopekirk gave a concert in the Opera House, which was also largely attended. At Chicago, Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon" has been twice given and has created quite a furor. Scaldi sang there on the 11th. The Buffalo Philharmonic Society finished their season with their thirtieth concert last week. The programme included Beethoven's Septette and Schubert's Octette. Mr G. Dannreuther (a brother, I believe, of E. Dannreuther) is leader of the quartette which has worked throughout the season with an enthusiasm which might be emulated by the local talent in other cities with great advantage. There is not, so far as I know, any society in the Union capable of showing so fine a record as the Buffalo Philharmonic. The programmes have throughout not only been fine in quality but admirable in design, one of the directors, Mr Cornwell, having brought a fine æsthetic taste to bear upon the production of them. It is refreshing to find an appreciation of the fact that an elegant programme is harmonious with a fine concert, and to come across tender flowers like these blooming in a country where nothing is supposed to flourish without the hideous advertisement. In New York city the only events lately have been the Arion Society's last concert, which took place on Sunday evening, 17th. Mr Van der Stucken, the Society's conductor, provided an interesting programme of novelties, and a rising young vocalist, Miss Marie Van, sang Schubert and other songs charmingly. Mozart's Divertimento for two oboes, horns and fagotto, was included in the programme. Miss Emma Nevada gave a concert in Chickering Hall, and made a similar discovery to that made by Herr Schott lately, namely, that it is one thing to be in the hands of good operatic management, and another and entirely different thing to rely on the magic spell of a familiar name. Chickering Hall is smaller than Steinway Hall, but it was not half filled at Miss Nevada's concert, and the Mocking Bird sang upon the tree in comparative quiet in consequence. Clara Louise Kellogg has gone west. Eugenie Pappenheim, after singing at the St Paul Festival, started east, leaving for Europe on the 16th. The pianists, whose name is legion—it is difficult to turn round in America without upsetting a pianist—will be silent after this month. Joseffy played at Columbus, Ohio, with the Orpheus Club there, on 11th. Foote, Sherwood, Maas, Sternberg, and Rivé-King, have also been giving recitals in various places. Teresa Carreno played recently at Petersburg, Virginia, at the Festival there, Carl Zerrahn of Boston, Conductor.

## Cambridge University Musical Society.

(From a Special Correspondent.)

THE usual May Term Orchestral Concert of this energetic society, which, by the way, is now in the forty-first year of its existence, was given in the Guildhall, Cambridge, on Thursday, June 11th. The programme on this occasion was entirely devoted to the works of Bach and Handel, in commemoration of the bi-centenaries of the birth of both composers, Bach being represented by his cantata, "Ein feste Burg," and his violin concerto in A minor, and Handel by the organ concerto in A major, and the ode for St Cecilia's Day. The pieces under Mr Stanford's baton on the 11th were not so numerous as on former occasions, but the orchestra, though small, was more than efficient, and played with a spirit and precision of attack that was pleasant to listen to. A contingent of students from the Royal College of Music was of great assistance, and particular mention must be made of the admirable manner in which the difficult trumpet parts of the two cantatas were played on an instrument of novel construction, similar to that used by the artist from Berlin engaged at the recent performance of Bach's B minor Mass at the Albert Hall. The chorus was hardly evenly balanced, the tenors being particularly weak; but the singing left nothing to be desired, and the chorus for sopranos accompanying the bass solo, "All men born of God," was alike admirable for tone and delicacy of execution. The solos in the cantatas were sung by Miss Carlotta Elliott, Miss Jannings, Mr W. Marshall, and Mr Shore, and the concertos were played by Herr Gumpertz and Mr Walter Parratt, the performance of the latter being alone worth a journey to Cambridge to hear. So familiar a programme scarcely calls for detailed notice, and with the exception of the fast pace at which the opening chorus of Bach's cantata was taken, there was little to criticise in the performance. The accompaniments to the Ode produced much more nearly the effect intended by Handel than is usually the case, as they had been judiciously pruned of the additions with which later composers, from Mozart downwards, have been in the habit of encrusting them. The result should encourage conductors to try similar experiments. If Handel's music cannot be played now by exactly the instruments for which it was written, at least it might be heard without the accompaniments of Mozart, or (what is a thousand times worse) of Costa.

## The Power of Tunes.

FEW persons can have failed to notice the facility with which associations group themselves around a tune, and the rapidity with which whole trains of possibly long-buried memories are awakened by the familiar sounds.

It is this quality in tunes that will sometimes make maids and even matrons grow pensive when they catch the strains of a familiar waltz. It is this that suddenly straightens an Englishman's knees when he hears in a foreign country the first few bars of "God save the Queen," and that prompts the expatriated Scotchman to grasp the hand of a comparative stranger, and in extreme cases to mount upon the table and there wave his glass, to the accompaniment of "Auld Lang Syne."

It is this that causes, it is said, the Swiss mountaineer, when he hears in exile the well-known "Ranz des Vaches," to fall into a melancholy so profound that he often pines away and dies of mere nostalgia. It was this, perhaps, that the Jewish captives felt when by the waters of Babylon they sat down and wept, and hung their harps upon the trees that were therein: they could not sing the songs of Zion, captives and in a strange land. It is this, too, that gives to such familiar tunes as the Christmas and Easter hymns a value in the estimation of many quite disproportionate to their intrinsic musical merit. Like the battered furniture of an early home, such tunes are often endeared to us by the memories they carry with them. They are as kindly magicians at the sound of whose voice the doors of the temple of memory open wide and enable us to step in at a moment from the glare of the Present into the dim cool twilight of the Past.

The readiness with which tunes become the vehicle of associations has led to their frequent adoption as national or political badges. Whatever be the nature of the force which draws and holds men together, some external symbol is instinctively sought which shall represent to themselves their common hopes and aims, and to the world their corporate character. The nation boasts its flag, the regiment its colours, and its uniform, the college its gorgeous ribbon, and the Pickwick Club its coat. But it is not only by definite and organised bodies, such as the regiment and the college, that such badges are employed.

The varying fortunes of the Stuart family in England formed the theme of a whole literature of songs and ballads, often set to music, the influence of which in sustaining the enthusiasm of the Jacobites, especially among the lower orders and in the remoter parts of the kingdom, was considerable. In estimating the amount of this influence, it would be easy, of course, to fall into the error of attributing to the tune alone an effect which was in reality due, partly or wholly, to the words. The tune is no doubt originally merely the vehicle of the words; it gives them, however, vitality, and greatly intensifies their effect: the multitude will not, as a rule, take the trouble to learn or even understand a political ballad, and for one who appreciates the words a dozen will probably pick up the tune. It is noticeable, too, that when a tune has once acquired a political significance, it is frequently adapted to several sets of words, a fact which appears to show that it is the tune rather than the words which obtains the strongest hold upon the popular fancy. This was especially the case with a song which was closely associated with the history of the Stuarts during a hundred years, and which appears to have been especially effective in stirring the loyalty of the Jacobites, viz., "The King shall enjoy his own again." The song was apparently written and composed during the Civil Wars, and at once taken into favour by the Royalist party; the mention of it is introduced by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of "Woodstock," where he puts it into the mouth of the dissolute Cavalier Wildrake. Those who sang in the days of the Restoration did so, no doubt, with all the gratification that is naturally felt by men who are fortunate enough to witness the fulfilment of their own prophecies. But it was soon restored to its former significance, and became once more the expression of a hope destined this time never to be realised.

It was to the accompaniment of "The King shall enjoy his own again" that James made his first entry into Dublin after his flight from England; and when, more than half a century later, the Young Pretender entered Edinboro' in triumph after the Battle of Preston, it was to the sound of the same almost historic strains.

While the supporters of James II. were feeding their enthusiasm with this tune, his opponents had also adopted one which seems to have exercised an equal or even greater influence on their party. "Lillibullero," best known perhaps to modern readers as the unfailing refuge, in times of doubt, of gentle Uncle Toby, was, according to Burnet, "a foolish ballad made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner . . . that made an impression on the army that cannot well be imagined by those who saw it not. The whole army, and at last all people both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." The words of "Lillibullero," which have been assigned to various authors, are described by Macaulay as in no respect above the ordinary standard of street poetry; but the tune, which appears to have been composed by Purcell, has since been employed for numerous other sets of words.

Some of the most striking scenes of the French Revolution were performed to the accompaniment of well-known tunes. The Parisians who thronged in thousands to the Champ-de-Mars, there to dig and make ready for the Feast of Pikes, marched to the brisk melody of "Ça ira." It was heard again when, in June 1792, a furious mob of men and women defiled before the Assembly, singing and dancing the Carmagnole round a bleeding heart borne upon a pike. But foremost among national and political tunes, as well for its intrinsic merit as for the part it has played in history, must be reckoned the song of the five hundred and seventeen able men "who knew how to die," the Hymn or March of the Marseillaise, "luckiest musical composition ever promulgated. The sound of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins; and whole Armies and Assemblages will sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of Death, Despot, and Devil." Few scenes, even in a time



when scenes of tragic interest followed each other in such rapid succession, are more striking than that where the twenty-two Girondins, standing at the foot of the scaffold on which they were to die, raised the Hymn of the Marseillaise, the chorus growing fainter as the guillotine swiftly did its work, and dying into silence as the last head fell. That the authorship of such a composition should be claimed by more than one person was to have been expected; it is commonly, however, ascribed to Rouget de Lisle, a young artillery officer who was stationed at Strasbourg early in 1792. Whoever the composer may have been, some subtle sympathy with human passions must surely have been felt by him who, by a simple consecution of sounds, could, and indeed can still after the lapse of nearly a century, stir the pulse of a whole nation, and rouse a people to revolution. A tune the performance of which even in times of peace can scarcely be safely tolerated under despotic rule must certainly be reckoned as a power; nor is that power limited to the country which gave it birth: the "March of the Marseillaise" has become "the Hymn of Revolution, all over the world."—*Cornhill.*

## Humoresque.

—A CORRESPONDENT of the name of Smithson has sent us an original sonnet commencing, "Handel! thou shouldst be living at this hour." We congratulate him upon the fact that neither Handel nor Wordsworth are likely to return to earth again, or some other correspondent might send us a sonnet commencing "Smithson! the most unhappy man of men!"

—"HE was certainly a man of no education," said the lovely Eulalia; "he asked me if I admired Chopin. I, of course, replied that I did admire Chawpang."—Agricultural papers please copy.

—HANDEL had round, fat hands with short thick fingers. On one occasion when he was performing, a lady of quality turned to Foote with the remark, "Is it not beautiful, Mr Foote; what a finger Mr Handel has." "Fingers, ma'am," said Foote, "I call them toes." "Foote on Toes" might have served for the title of one of Hood's imaginary works.

—WHEN in 1823 Schubert called upon Weber, who was then in Vienna, and produced his early work "Alfonso and Estrella," the old maestro thrust the manuscript aside, and said crabbedly, "First puppies and first operas are always drowned."

—THERE is an old fifteenth century story of a countryman who was so astonished when he heard for the first time the mass sung with organs at St Paul's, that he cried out aloud, "O Lord, shall I go to heaven presently? I would thou wouldst let me alone till I might go home and fetch my white stick and black hood, and then I will gladly go with thee." A nineteenth century countryman who strolled into the Italian opera is said to have exclaimed, "O Lord, let me off this time and I will never do it again." Tempora mutantur.

—A YOUNG man was once brought to Handel with many praises of his taste for music and good disposition. The lad, however, ran away, and the next day Handel—who was given to soliloquising in a loud voice—was heard communing with himself as he walked in Hyde Park:—"Der Teuffel! de fater was desheevied; de mutter was desheevied; but I was not desheevied: he is ein tammed schountrel and coot for nutting!"

### A GROUND TONE.

HERE lie I, and all my hopes—  
Twelve Symphonies and fifty ops;  
Had I but scored a jingling waltz,  
I'd ne'er have tenanted these vaults;  
Or had my father's name been Strauss  
I should have filled another house.

—"How that melody haunts me." "No wonder, seeing that you murder it fifty times a day. You are destined to hang on a high bar, and many will rejoice at your execution."

—"We have heard of the base of the cleff. Where do you find the treble?" The treble is in going up.—*Alpine Journal.*

—EDITOR (furiously to musical critic)—See here! what have you done? You have made a pianist sing three songs, you have spoken of the "refined touch" of a vocalist, and you have reviewed an entire concert that didn't take place, in your last column. What the deuce is all this coming to? Music critic—I can't have

a scene about these little matters. If you teach me like that I may adopt a desperate remedy. By Jove, I may go to a concert!

—"THE Germans are a frugal people," said an American, after visiting the Berlin Opera House. "As soon as the opera was over a man in front took wads of cotton from his pocket and stopped up his ears to save the music he had paid for."

—"I DASHED this off in ten minutes," said the musician, gently laying MSS. on the editorial table. The editor prided himself on affairs of speed. He dashed it off in ten seconds into—

## Notices of New Music.

S. DACRE, CLARKE & CO., 64 FLEET STREET.

Our Watchword. Words by H. Leonard Cleere. Music by W. C. Levey.—A harmless but prosaic motto song, with a suitably commonplace setting.

WOOD & CO., GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

Ehrich Woods. Words by A. Stephen Wilson. Music by Gavin Greig.—In Mr Greig's work there is a considerable promise, for, although by no means striking, it is smooth and melodious. Mr Wilson, however, who is capable of producing readable verses, should show some consideration for the requirements and even the prejudices of singers, some of whom would assuredly be deterred, by his references to the "scarlet amaranths," while few would approve his remarkable refrain,

"It was Clara come to meet me,  
It was Clara Kildelo."

METZLER & CO., GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

My first duet. Words and melody by A. Stephen Wilson. Arranged by Gavin Greig. Scottish *vers de société*.—In his first duet he not unnaturally lost the key, "an' lent the trembling fork a blow to find again the pitch of E." To have developed this subject into a sentimental ditty with a view to musical treatment, appears to us an error of judgment.

CAWTHORNE & CO., ADELAIDE, S.A.

From the Antipodes we have received the *Olivia waltz*, composed by Charles Cawthorne, conductor of the Adelaide Orchestra, and dedicated by permission to Lady Robinson, wife of the Governor of South Australia. The introduction to the waltz is very graceful and attractive. As a whole, the piece deserves to be performed by a competent band which would do justice to its bolder accented passages. Indeed, the publishers do not go too far when they include it in their list of publications "specially recommended for their sterling musical merit."

F. PITMAN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

The South Kensington Galop, by Caroline Lowthian, is by no means lacking in spirit, but at the same time is hardly worthy of the composer's high reputation.

Inventories Waltz, by Leonard Gautier.—In this piece it would be difficult to indicate any specific beauties or *louis de force*, but its graceful rhythm will be found singularly enticing.

POHLMANN & SON, 64 BERNERS STREET.

Carnival Pictures, by Alfred F. Christensen. No. 1. Tarantelle.—We are glad to receive another work from the pen of this talented Danish musician, and pupils, too, will welcome it for its wonderful dash and vigour. The music is of a familiar type, but several clever touches have been ingeniously introduced. Rendered with spirit, the Tarantelle would certainly be very effective, and it possesses the additional recommendation of being very easy.

For Love and the King. Words by T. W. Wraithman. Music by Wm. Spark.—We fear this song would hardly pass muster, even with those who are content to be uncritical regarding the words they sing; but to us there appears to be a fatal grotesqueness in such lines as these:

"Armed was the knight and in tears was the maiden."  
"I'll come back if I'm spared to thee, darling."

Happy Days of Yore. Words by A. T. M. Music by Arthur Melnotte.—There is careful work in the accompaniment of this song, which, to some extent, compensates for the threadbare nature of the theme. What is the meaning, by the way, of the statement that the days of yore were "too brief to last?"

Star of my Life. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Franz Abt.—A melancholy interest attaches to the announcement that "this is the last song written by Franz Abt," but apart from this fact the song would have secured wide acceptance among the composer's numerous admirers as a characteristic specimen of his work.

The Musician. Written by Ignotus. Composed by Henri Logé.—This song is specially disappointing, because of the talent it displays. The violin obligato is melodious and well arranged, but, unfortunately, appears quite unsuitable to the pathetic subject. Mons. Logé presents us with a mass of incongruous beauties, which deserve to be rescued and re-organised.



### THE HARMONIUM.—II.

I WILL suppose, then, that you have provided yourself with or obtained access to a harmonium. For the present it matters little whether it be a simple or complex instrument, as you need not perplex yourself with differences of stops until you have mastered a few elementary details of posture and action. If the harmonium consist of one row of vibrators only, it will probably have an Expression and two Forte Stops, and will sound independently of their use; if, however, it have more than one row of vibrators, it will probably be necessary for you to draw two continuous stops before commencing your practice. In that case the Flute and Cor Anglais will be sufficient as being readily responsive and full enough in tone for all normal purposes. At all events abstain from the use of the Grand Jeu until you have attained some proficiency. The natural impulse of a beginner is to make up for any deficiency in quality of tone by quantity, and his pent-up feelings are apt to find expression in the frequent use of the stop which employs all the resources of his instrument. If you are not musical enough to discern the weakness of this, you are, at least, human enough to understand, that as you will probably be a burden to everyone in the neighbourhood for some months to come, the least you can do is to attenuate the infliction as much as possible. I should further advise you, despite the common advice to the contrary, to abstain from the use of the Expression Stop, reserving it for special study after you have learned the simplest rudiments of sound extraction. It is a Stop requiring considerable skill for effective use; and I have even known many beginners, though with somewhat unpardonable clumsiness, throw their instruments out of gear by its careless use. Use a single row of vibrators without the Expression Stop for your initial attempts.

The first thing which you have to attend to is position and general action, that you may not acquire blemishes of style which can only be eradicated with difficulty. A beginner without a master is apt to spend a long period in cultivating an awkwardness which will vulgarise his manner of playing for the rest of his life. Two minor dangers may be briefly noticed: The first is that of snorting while you play—the frequent outward and audible sign of inward and spiritual concentration with literary men as well as with musicians; the second is that of making faces, in which regard musicians need to be frequently reminded that their auditors have eyes as well as ears. More important, however, from the purely musical point of view, is your manner of sitting. You have to accommodate yourself in that position which gives the greatest amount of freedom to both your hands and feet, and to do this need to pay some little attention to the height of your seat. To obtain anything like an intelligent grip of the treads, the toes and ball of the foot must rest easily upon the upper part of the treads—a high seat, which throws the strain upon the toes only, or a low seat, which brings the heels on the treads, being equally inconvenient and objectionable. It is scarcely necessary to suggest that you should not attempt to play in heavy boots, if you are careful about the appearance of the treads and desire the requisite flexibility of foot. If, instead of the ordinary level seat, you have one which slants slightly towards the harmonium, it will prove a source of comfort to you, though it is not an actual necessity. The upper half of your body should be kept erect; and though you need not adopt the drill-sergeant rigidity which is sometimes inculcated, it is certainly advisable to avoid the rocking movements with which some players incline to their treads, like a cyclist on a steep hill. The elbows should be kept well in, not stuck out at an angle as though you were endeavouring to keep any one else from approaching the key-board; the hands held well over the keys and not depressed at the wrist.

Some little difficulty is almost certain to be experienced at first in acquiring the requisite automatic action with the feet, so that they may do their work almost without the player being conscious that he possesses them. For some little time the beginner may expect that while he is thinking of his feet his fingers will go wrong, and while he is thinking of his fingers his feet will forget to blow. He will do well, therefore, to be content to put down the notes of some simple chord, and give his whole attention to his feet, until he can produce a perfectly even and continuous sound with ease to himself. Each treadle must be pressed well home in regular alternation, the descent of one treadle commencing immediately the pressure upon the other is relaxed for its ascent. If not, there will of course be a disastrous interval of silence—an unwritten rest, which will probably be remedied by an equally disastrous jerking and confusion of the treads. The acquisition of this power of steady and unbroken alternation is absolutely necessary, though afterwards the player will find himself at liberty to modify to his convenience the length of the treadle-beat, and even the systematic



alternation, in his subtiler usage of the resources of the Expression Stop. These modifications will come easily to him after he has learned the normal control of the bellows in independence of his hands and his head.

When he has mastered the production of sound in the case of a single chord, he may proceed to test his powers of doing the same thing when his fingers are engaged in somewhat more complex work. If he has no knowledge of music gained from pianoforte instruction, he cannot do better than attempt some simple form of five-finger exercise; but if he has already had some knowledge of the other instrument, he may proceed at once to some well known piece. In all probability his acquired powers in the matter of a single chord will seem to have suddenly disappeared, and before long his finger will be clattering upon unresponsive keys. If his earlier practice has been fairly thorough, however, he will find himself already in condition to give undivided attention to questions of touch and fingering.

## THE VIOLIN.—II.

I AM reminded that amateurs, in their enthusiasm for the violin, are apt to forget that there is another essential of the craft, namely, the bow. Stradivarius, indeed, is one of the men to whom the world has been more than just. We speak of him as if the violin in the full blossom of perfection had grown out of his genius alone, and that nothing was left to be added to or taken away from the instrument as he conceived and shaped it. Stradivarius was really one of a great race of violin-makers under whose hands the instrument gradually grew in grace, leaving further and further behind the curiously contrived boxes which were its progenitors in the 16th century. The great merit of Stradivarius was in bringing to the making of violins not only the most cunning hand that had ever put knife to the wood, but in an honest and loving fashioning of all parts of the instrument, seen and unseen. He had a supreme instinct for beauty in violins—that fineness of feeling which comes of having lived with them—and the artist-conscience which is not satisfied with an approximation to perfection but thirsts and labours after perfection itself. It was, however, just because the form of the instrument had been fairly decided, and makers found it wise in their experiments not to defect in any important degree from an accepted model, that Stradivarius was able to impart that finish to his work, which makes a genuine Strad—as it is termed in the affectionate slang of violinists—the king of the stringed race. He had moreover his years of mastership and years of apprenticeship, and his violins are not of equal value. Better instruments than any Cremona produced are sold at moderate prices; and it is alleged—and I believe with truth—that even the best examples of Stradivarius can be matched from modern workshops by the use of scientific methods of measurement unknown to him. If we want to sing the praises of work conceived in something like a flash of genius, it is to the bow we should turn.

It will strike you that there is nothing of the bow proper in the long, lithe, slightly-bent stick and hair which we use to set the strings of a violin in vibration. This is a case of the name surviving the thing. The first stringed instruments were played with a bow, actually of the shape of the weapon of war of that name, by which we trace another root connecting the art of music with the primitive war spirit. All the improvements wrought on the violin bow throughout the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries were in the direction of straightening the bow, and so attaching the hair that its flexibility might be increased or reduced at pleasure. The great Corelli played his gigues with a bow, the stick of which was perfectly straight, inelastic, and only two-thirds of the length of our bow. Tartini chose a thinner and longer stick, aiming at greater flexibility, as was needful for his "Devil's Sonata." In this state the bow practically remained until the end of the 18th century, when François Tourte applied a revolutionary idea to the art of bow-making. This was to make the stick curve outwards against the tension of the hair instead of in the direction of the strain. A simple enough idea, you will say, but one that had eluded the intellect of man for a good many generations. Compared with its predecessors, the Tourte bow had all the virtue of a magic wand in the hand of a competent player. Its lightness and marvellous elasticity enabled him to achieve hitherto unimagined feats: all gradations of tones, all manner of accents, all kinds of detached notes could be drawn forth, or made to leap out singly or in showers at the point of the bow. In the hands of Paganini it became the means of founding a new school of violin playing. Without it, indeed, we could not conceive of Paganini building up such a reputation; and it is to be noted that Paganini did not play upon a Strad, but upon a Guarnerius. Had Stradivarius never turned the elements of nature around Cremona into fiddles, it is permissible to believe that the art of violin-playing would nevertheless have progressed; but Tourte's invention is an essential link.

How are you to know a good bow? Here again, as in choosing a violin, there will be found the need of that experience which is not communicable by spoken or written word. If it were otherwise how much cheap wisdom should mankind possess! There are, however, two or three practical hints by which the beginner may profit. The prime quality of a good bow is in what is known as the "spring," that is the ability of the stick to keep the dip towards the hair. The tendency of the wood is to become straight with continued work and tension, and thus to rob the bow of its elasticity. Whether the stick has the right "spring" or no, cannot properly be known until it is put to the proof, and you will at first be content to rely mainly on the reputation of the maker, selecting at a price from half-a-guinea, or even less, to two guineas according to your means. Having looked out a likely article, you will do well by glancing along the stick to see that there is no deflection from the line of the hair. A fairly trained eye will readily detect any serious flaw in this regard; and you may put it further to the test by turning the screw until the stick becomes rigid, and noting if the top is much off the straight. To expect it to remain perfectly straight under this treatment would be to expect too much, and to miss that blessedness which is the portion of the man who expecteth little. A stick which did not serve a little at the point when tightened would be a lucky find. Another point is to see that the hair and stick are in proper relative position. When the bow is unscrewed the curve of the stick should touch the centre of the hair. The learner, however, need not be

hypercritical. Niceties of weight and balance which would affect the style of Joachim are, of course, somewhat thrown away upon one who is just adopting the craft. Probably the soundest advice will be to take a capable looking article at a moderate price. You will some day want to replace it. A cardinal rule is that the bow should not be screwed too tight; there should always be a free curve in the stick, and the hair must be slackened by unscrewing whenever the bow is laid down. After considerable playing the hair will lose its power to grip the strings, and resin—the young players "infalible"—will be of no avail. Re-hairing the bow will be undertaken at most instrument shops at a small cost. By-and-bye when you have become fastidious about your tone you will want to do the re-hairing—as everything else about the violin—with your own hands. This is a part of your willing slavery to the violin.

When we come to the stringing of the violin we have to deal with a matter directly involving your own judgment and care. The purchasing and fixing of strings is a necessity of very frequent recurrence at first; by-and-bye you become assured that your whole income and leisure are not to be expended in this way.

One might write a chapter without exhausting discussion on the relative merits of the various kinds of strings—gut, silk, copper or silver-covered and "combination." This is not the stage, however, to spend much time upon refinements: at another time I shall dwell on these. At first you may suitably provide yourself with a set of three gut, and one copper-covered strings, at the cost of a shilling. Do not be tempted to choose thick strings, imagining that you thereby gain tone. Precisely the best strings for any particular instrument can only be ascertained after experience, but at the outset be content to aim at a pure and equal tone, rather than a loud one, and in a general way this will be gained by thin rather than by thick strings and especially by proportioning them. Tone is the Eldorado of the young violinist, and he often makes shipwreck of his instrument in striving after it.

It will be no waste of time for you to become familiar with the parts of your violin, and to trace the reason for everything about it being precisely as it is. This will be admitted when you reflect that you have from time to time partially to reconstruct your instrument. In learning a keyboard instrument you take your seat and at once begin to manipulate. If anything goes amiss you send for the tuner. The violinist, however, must be a man of resource, and it is no small part of his satisfaction that the appliances which give such a marvellous total result in tone are, in some degree, modifiable by his judgment and skill.

## Questions and Answers.

NOTE.—We occasionally receive questions from correspondents about Colleges and Schools of Music—their whereabouts, their fees, and details of their management, with others about books of instruction and the like. We are glad to afford all the information that we can, but we cannot undertake to transform this column into an advertising agency of any special institutions or works. The majority of our readers will recognise the reasonableness of this decision.

SPRINGFIELD.—Your question falls under the category excluded above, but will receive private acknowledgment.

W. HINDMARSH.—We should like to print your letter as a curiosity, but it might appear ungenerous to take advantage of it.

EXCELSIOR.—The rule concerning the sparing use of the thumb on the black notes had its origin in the fact, that the thumb is so much shorter than the fingers that its use in this way is very apt to throw the hand out of position, producing clumsiness in style, if not actual inaccuracy. Like many rules, however, it was carried to an absurd extreme; and since Chopin the best pianists have practically neglected it, except where it obviously made for convenience. It is not without its benefit to beginners, who are apt to use the thumb to the distortion of the position of the hands; but afterwards personal taste and convenience must decide. Much modern music, indeed, could not be played if the rule were held to be binding.

A. J. CROFTS.—Thanks for your courteous acknowledgment of our work.

CHANTEUSE.—Diet should be chosen with a view to general health; whatever tends to keep the constitution vigorous is good for the voice, and proper exercise and clothing are to be taken into account as well as food. Some astringents give a temporary resonance. Lemons might have a slight action of this kind.

ASPIRANT.—The information you require regarding the examinations of the Royal Academy of Music will be best obtained from the Secretary of the Academy, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, London.

LEGATO.—Most publishers have a more or less complete catalogue of classical music. You might write to Augener & Co., 86 Newgate Street, London, E.C.

AN INTERESTED READER.—Your remark is well-founded, but there are great practical difficulties in the way at present.

CARRUTHERS.—It would be unwise to give advice without more knowledge. You are young enough to be able to wait until your special power reveals itself more distinctly. At the same time, you are not likely to lose anything by continuing your study of music.

H. GREY.—Thanks for newspaper, which proved useful. If the readers who from time to time kindly send us notices of musical doings likely to interest the general reader would also mark the passages, a further service would be rendered.

MUSCUS.—When the sound-post is once fixed and gives fairly good results it is, on the whole, a sound maxim to let it alone. You may bring it into position by means of a sharpened wire run into the side near the top. Pass the post through the right hole, and place it gently in position. You may then, by a hook at the other end of the wire, draw it into its permanent place. Do not draw it too tightly, as the wood may be injured.

T. GOODCHILD.—We have no space at present for publication of hymn tunes. Thanks.

UNSUBSCRIBER.—"Orpheus," "The Last Days of Mozart," "Lift up your eyes."

F. A. SMITH.—Your music gives good promise, especially if you have had no guidance in the matter; but, if you purpose turning your musical enthusiasm to account, you cannot too soon put yourself in the hands of a competent tutor. Self-culture in musical theory is almost impossible, and you have enough musical talent to make it worth while.

OPERATIC ASPIRANT.—We are not surprised that you have suffered the common fate of aspirants—been dropped. It is not every voice that will stand stage work, and yours appears to have been mainly suitable for stage whispers.

B. B.—You will find a series of works on Campanology in Wigram's "Change-ringing, Disentangled," published about fifteen years ago. These will probably give you all the information you require.

E. WILKINSON.—No stamp received. If your MS. is forwarded it will receive consideration.

STUDENT OF HARMONY.—You are not wholly wrong in your estimate of Rameau as compared with Tartini. Rameau's work was of more immediate service, although Helmholtz has proved that they were both partially right. Their views were in some measure complementary.

SIDNEY SUMMERS.—Your waltz certainly shows far more effective striving after originality than most of the innumerable waltzes sent to us. For a first attempt we think it surprisingly good.

HENRY D.—We sat down to play your Romance and thought it one of the most original things which had come under our notice, till a slight jar led to the discovery that it had been placed on the piano upside down. Upon reversal, the originality disappeared and the whole proved distinctly poor. You have done good by stealth and need not blush to find it fame.

J. R.—Your essay on Punctuation may have some obscure relation to the principles of music, but we have not discovered it. Try Puncta. The article on the Harmonium should suit you. Excessive use of the tremolo is bad.

INQUIRER asks:—Does any reader of the Magazine know of vocal or instrumental music by W. Carnaby, Mus. Doc., who is described in Baple's Musical Biography as organist and vocal composer, 1779 to 1839? Also where he was organist, and if any of his family followed his profession?

## Prize Competition

In order to stimulate the literary, musical, and artistic activities of our readers, we propose to offer from month to month a series of prizes for the best examples of one or other form of Composition.

All pieces in Competition are to be fully stamped, and marked outside with the title of Competition, and name and address of Competitor. Address, Editor, Magazine of Music, 23 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

MUSICAL PLEBISCITE.—The result is announced in the first page of this Magazine. We cannot take notice of any questions on the subject. Another scheme of a similarly interesting kind is in preparation. The announcements in this column should be followed by all who have taken part in the plebiscite.

SONG.—The Competition for the Ten Guinea Prize was very largely entered, and the Adjudicator had to weigh very closely the merits of several songs which were nearly equal. After much consideration he decided to recommend that the prize should be divided between—

Mr SHERWIN ENGLA,  
Lindis House, East Acton, W.  
Equal: Mr WALTER H. FRERE,  
Trinity College, Cambridge.

Mr Sherwin Engla's setting of the "Eldorado" verses will appear in our August number. Mr Frere chose Shelley's words, "Love's Philosophy." His song will appear in September. We hope at a later date to publish some of the most meritorious pieces, which are worthy of the light, though they have not obtained a place in the competition.

SONG.—A prize of Three Guineas is offered for the best setting of the verses "A Hey! for the North, and a Hey! for the South," printed in the June number. Pieces in competition must reach the Editor not later than August 31st. IMS. should be sent flat, not rolled.

ROMANCE FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO.—This Competition has not been taken up. We propose to extend the date until August 31st. The prize is Two Guineas.

STORY FOR CHILDREN'S COLUMN.—This Competition has also failed to attract any number of pens. The papers are being considered, and the result will be announced next month.

ILLUSTRATION OF A MUSICAL SUBJECT.—One guinea will be given for a pen and ink drawing illustrating a musical subject with a motto from the poets. Sketch must be lodged by 31st July.

LETTER TO EDITOR.—Half-a-guinea will be given for letter to Editor describing a Musical Evening. Letter to be limited to 300 words. This competition is confined to readers under fourteen, and closes on 31st July.

Dates and conditions of the following competitions will be announced later:—

Vocal Waltz. Organ Voluntary.  
Sacred Solo, with Harmonium Accompaniment.  
Christmas Carol. Anthem.

The above conditions are subject to modification up to last issue of this Magazine prior to closing of competition. The Editor cannot undertake to notice any communications from Competitors.

The Prizes are subject to be reannounced if the pieces lodged are not held to have sufficient merit.